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THE
AFRICAN,
A TALE;
AND OTHER POEMS.

JAMES HEDDERWICK AND SON, PRINTERS, GLASGOW.

THE
AFRICAN,
A TALE;
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY DUGALD MOORE,
AUTHOR OF "SCENES FROM THE FLOOD," &c.

SECOND EDITION.

ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, GLASGOW;
CONSTABLE & CO. EDINBURGH;
AND HURST, CHANCE, & CO. LONDON.

MDCCCXXX.

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PR 50 39

.MSA 63

1820

Recd. 7/13/38. 16 July 1938

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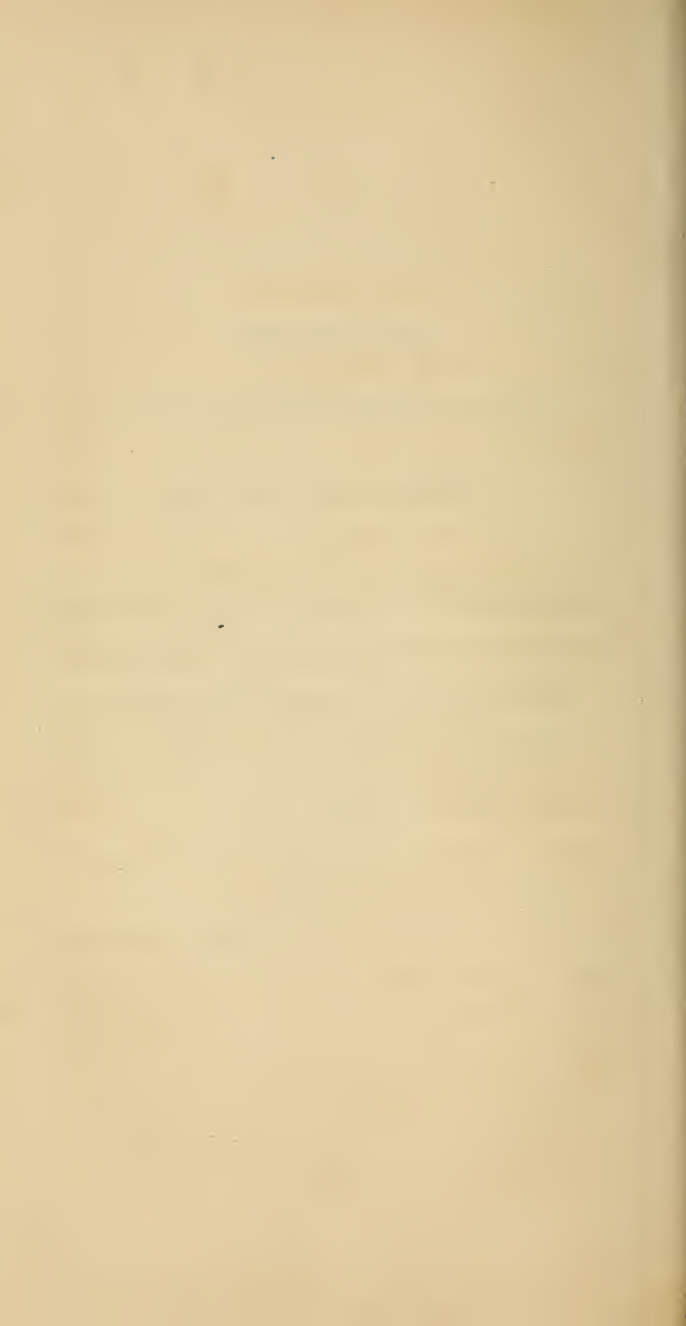
JAMES LUMSDEN, Esq.

AS A

SMALL TOKEN OF ESTEEM FOR HIS CHARACTER,
AND OF GRATITUDE FOR THAT INDULGENCE
AND FRIENDLY AID, WITHOUT WHICH, THE FOL-
LOWING PRODUCTIONS, PERHAPS, COULD NEVER
HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE AFRICAN, Canto First, - -	1
Canto Second, - -	21
Canto Third, - -	45
On the Fossil Remains of a Man, found in the Island	
of Guadaloupe, - - - -	65
Sonnet on the Sky, - - -	69
The Suicide, - - - -	70
Love, - - - -	75
Sonnet on the Comet, - - -	77
The Spirit's Prayer, - - -	78
Sonnet on Lightning, - - -	82
Sonnet.—The Summer Noon, - -	83
To the Sun, - - -	84
To the Mountain Eagle, - - -	88
Sonnet.—Sunset, - - -	91
Aird's Moss, - - -	92
Sonnet.—The Evening Star, - - -	97
Glencoe, - - -	98
The Contrast, - - -	103

	<i>PAGE</i>
Sonnet.—Twilight, - - -	107
Sennacherib before the Walls of Jerusalem, -	108
On the Soul, - - -	118
Columbus on first beholding America, - -	119
The Midnight Hour, - - -	123
Sonnet.—My Sister's Grave, - - -	124
On God, - - -	125
Irak, a Son of Cain, - - -	127
Ruin, - - -	131
Sonnet on Night, - - -	135
First Love, - - -	136
Death's Charge, - - -	140
Sonnet.—Summer Evening, - - -	143
To Scotland, - - -	144
Sonnet.—The Dawn, - - -	146
The Caged Lion, - - -	147
The Cities of the Plain, - - -	149
Song.—Rise, my Love, - - -	158
Sonnet.—Spring Morning, - - -	160
The Floating Wreck, - - -	161
Song.—“ Revile not his name,” - - -	164
The Indian, - - -	165
To the Moon, - - -	169
Sonnet.—The Morning Star, - - -	170
Palmyra, - - -	171
Song.—“ Like summer stars,” - - -	174

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
Sonnet to a Daisy, - - - - -	175
The Sigh, - - - - -	176
The Flight of the First Soul, - - - - -	178
Stanzas, - - - - -	181
The Interment, - - - - -	183
The Exile's Wish, - - - - -	186
Sonnet on the Stars, - - - - -	190
Julia, - - - - -	191
Lucy's Grave, - - - - -	194
Pity, - - - - -	197
The Egyptians in the Red Sea, - - - - -	199
Sambo, - - - - -	201
Song.—The Evening Star, - - - - -	204
The Grave of Love, - - - - -	205
The Caravan in the Desert, - - - - -	207
Lines to the Memory of Matthew Rae, - - - - -	209
The Banished Patriot, - - - - -	210
Rome, - - - - -	214



THE AFRICAN.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

DAY had departed o'er the waters blue,
Whose bosom mirror'd many a lovely star;
The fisher slumber'd in his light canoe,
Beneath some precipice's jutting bar;
The sea-birds wander'd to their homes afar;
Nought, ruder than the breeze that whisper'd by,
Came, the calm slumber of the eve to mar;
Earth seem'd to feel delight, and raised on high
Her lone but thrilling voice in gladness to the sky.

II.

Oh, who shall say the solitude is mute,
Because no city-murmurs echo there;
Because earth sounds not to the human foot,
Nor man's rude hums torment the sleeping air?
Yet on the savage rock and mountain bare,
God may be traced as in the peopled clime,
And even in Afric's wildernesses, where
Silence is all that's chronicled by time,
Ruin and solitude breathe language all sublime.

III.

Soon as the broad and burning sun had set,
When eve's fair queen rose from her couch of
grey,
The dusky children of the desert met
To pass with mirth the starry hours away:
High o'er their head the bamboo's branches play;
The buskin'd warrior and his sprightly bride,
Dress'd in their variegated wild array,
Light as the antelope, together glide
In all the warmth of love and dignity of pride.

IV.

Yielding and light the glowing lovers spring,
While floats their stirring music to the sky;
The bracelets on the virgins' ankles ring,
As on they bound with spirits young and high:
Oh, love can breathe his vows of constancy,
In the wide waste, as in the glittering hall,
And rapture warm the heart and fire the eye
Of lovers met by rock or waterfall,
As nymphs or plumed knights that grace the
carnival.

V.

But who is she, whose dark eye seems to roll
In youthful rapture o'er the merry throng,
Whose every breathing feature teems with soul—
With tresses floating beautifully long?
She seems the queen of all she moves among,
Begirt in robes of bright and sparkling dyes:
'Tis Zemma, famed in many an Afric song!
See as she guides the dance, her living eyes
Beam on a stately youth where all her passion lies.

VI.

He was a warrior of the solitude—

A wanderer of the desert, one whose life
Had but the two extremes of peace and blood,

Dark as the simoom in the hour of strife,
He swept life's tree, or gave it to the knife!

As stands the lion, monarch of the sand,
That stern one stood, where havoc's storms were rife,
The wilderness his empire, and the brand
The rod with which he ruled the thousands of his
land.

VII.

Though in the battle, as the tiger wild

To scatter death, and stain with blood the field,
Yet, with his bow unstrung, the chief was mild:

'Twas war alone his fiery spirit steel'd.

When peace closed up his quiver, he would yield
Even to the weak; but if insulted, then

His dark eye gather'd lightning, and the shield

Must needs be strong to guard the insulter, when

'Gainst him young Zarrum rush'd like lion from
his den.

VIII.

Such was the chief, but now no war nor wrong
Gloom'd like a lowering tempest on his way;
With soul at peace, he joins the friendly throng,
Dancing with Zemma to love's roundelay;
The eagle's feathers 'mid his tresses play,
A lion's hide which show'd a chieftain's might
Swung gallantly above his light array;
As on he moved, each eye-ball dark and bright,
Follow'd its sable chief, the terror of the fight.

IX.

Oh, what is holier than love's golden dream,
Breathed in the lone and witching time of night,
When silence lulls life's dark unruly stream,
When all our passions heavenward take their flight;
When hearts are bounding, and when eyes are bright,
Free from the cloud the selfish world imparts!
Oh, 'tis an hour when beauty's magic might,
Through the wrapt spirit with more lustre darts,
And when the tide of life runs warm through
kindred hearts.

X.

Light frolick'd they through evening's holy hour
To the sweet harmony of sounds serene,
Till look'd the round moon from her highest tower,
Cloudless and calm, the sky's unwrinkled queen!
They pause!—one of their brethren now is seen,
His breath is quick—his eyes in terror start!
Zarrum beheld him with a scornful mien,
To see a warrior with a woman's heart—
Then frowning cried, be brief, and all your fears
impart.

XI.

Sullen the Indian stood, and threw on high,
Like thunder scowl, one thrilling glance of pain,
Then silent pointed where the evening sky
Gather'd above the calm and lonely main.
Eager all stand, the dreadful sounds to gain
From one that's now a cold unwelcome guest:
The old men frown, the young to hear are fain,
The stranger cried, "The white men from the
west!"
Each virgin wildly shrieks, and beats her naked
breast.

XII.

Not so the warriors, like a beam of light,
A fearful flame rose in each hollow eye;
Their souls were burning for the distant fight,
And with wild fancy's aid they could descry
Havoc approaching through the sleeping sky!
The dance is o'er—the quiver's on each back,
And mirth has flung his tuneful numbers by;
No longer are the eager bowstrings slack,
But death on tip-toe stands to sound the wild
attack.

XIII.

Scarce had the stranger ceased, when wildly sprung
From shadowy copes, their foemen o'er the green!
Each virgin to her hero closer clung!
Love springs to valour in so dark a scene—
The quivering lip—the high and haughty mien—
The moveless eye, that looks its foeman through—
Says, Strong must be the arm—the struggle keen,
That now their stormy spirits will subdue:
When love and vengeance prompts, what will
the heart not do?

XIV.

Oh, love! thou'rt beautiful in peaceful bower,
Plighting the vow with spirit-speaking eye;
But thou art more divine in danger's hour,
When cold misfortune's storms are sweeping by;
'Tis then thou show'st thy faith and constancy,
And like the ivy clinging round the tree,
Though shiver'd by the falchion of the sky,
Yet fond as when its flowers were blooming free,
It scorns to leave the wreck, but withers, love,
like thee.

XV.

And there are moments when the slightest thing
Can waft the soul an echo of the past,
And in her hour of loneliness re-wing
Her weary pinions to outbrave the blast:
Such moments o'er the heart of Zarrum flash'd,
Rapid as lightning; all those golden hours,
And love's bright vision, now so nigh its last,
Gave his young bosom all her fiercest powers,
And in his strength he stood, scorning the storm
that lowers.

XVI.

The plundering chief stalks sullenly in view,
His savage eye—his brow of gloomy pride—
His thick mustache—his cheek of sallow hue—
The trusty blade that glimmer'd by his side,
Reveal'd that shore, wash'd by the Atlantic tide;
And many a rank in silence strode behind,
In war's dark trade their brands have oft been dyed:
These are the plumes of Spain that kiss the wind,
And death, with sulphury arm, has with the in-
vaders join'd.

XVII.

Yield! cried the chieftain of the roving band,
Yield! by yon host of stars, 'tis vain to fly!
'Twas then that Zarrum firmer griped his brand,
And darting on the foe his eagle eye,
That seem'd to blast him, while his heart beat high,
Savage and stern and silently he stood—
With look a moment turn'd upon the sky,
His right arm bared, his lip in scornful mood,
And eye that show'd a soul unshrinking, unsub-
dued!

XVIII.

A moment—and his eye began to range
Across his foemen, but he could not speak;
He felt no feeling then but dire revenge;
Nature had never taught her son to seek
Redress in words; all other tones were weak,
To soothe his spirit, but death's hollow yell:
The thirsty vulture never bathed her beak
With keener relish in a foe who fell,
Than he shall raise in joy the bold invader's knell.

XIX.

The Indian shout mounts to the God of war,
Their javelins glitter in the cold moonlight,
Their tiger skins that cover'd many a scar,
Stream with their hair upon the breeze of night;
Zemma, who look'd the lovelier from the sight
Of danger gathering o'er their morning joy,
Stood with her chief to wait the coming fight;
Her lips reveal'd no murmur and no sigh,
And love, with all his charms, look'd through her
tearless eye,

XX.

Whose glowing spirit, beautifully bright,
Like sunshine darting o'er the restless wave,
Mellowing, and thrilling in her woe—like light
Of heaven's fair arch amid its clouds, it gave
Her artless soul, and seem'd to bid him save
From the red vulture's beak, his trembling dove:
Her glance dispell'd the visions of the grave;
He felt her look, and long'd his faith to prove,
And stood like dusky war beside the form of love.

XXI.

But ere they sever'd, with impassion'd clasp
She flung her arms about his manly breast;
There was a spirit in that parting grasp
That seem'd as loath to die or be at rest,
While Zarrum gazed on her and fondly press'd
The seal of love upon her throbbing brow;
Like eagle when the foe is in her nest,
His keen eye spoke a soul that would not bow,
Though death in darkness flapp'd his pinions
round him now.

XXII.

Savage and sullen is that look of strife,

Exchanged by foes when death is frowning nigh:
The last, the withering, stony look of life

Which lowers unalter'd till the strife is by—
Hate's quivering lip—the fix'd, the starting eye—

The grin of vengeance, and the forehead pale—
The deep-drawn breath, the short hyena cry,—

All in one moment tell the dreadful tale

That life can tell but once, when havoc does
prevail.

XXIII.

Seize on your prey, the white chief loudly cried,

The greatest wealth is his who conquers most;
Each rush'd upon the victim he has eyed—

But yet no easy prize; the sable host
Bent every bow, the glittering javelins toss'd,

And on the Spaniards all their fury pour'd:
They feel the shock—their long sought booty lost,

As they beneath the hissing volley cower'd,

The war-whoop rings amain, and havoc darker
lower'd.

XXIV.

But, ah the white man, skill'd in fiery death,
Uplifts his hollow tube—the thunder flies!
Far through the night is heard the battle's breath;
The Indian warrior bravely fighting dies,
Heaves for his little ones his latest sighs,
Bends a last look upon his comrades dear,
Points with his cold hand to the starry skies:
As if he long'd their drooping hearts to cheer,
By showing them a home, for acting bravely here.

XXV.

Echoes the yell of death along the sky,
As flash the falchions, when the foemen close—
The hills lift up their voices, and on high
Night's starry dome rings wildly to their blows:
They grapple long—with stern embrace of foes,
That ceases not, till one has ceased to breathe;
They tug, they reel—life's purple torrent flows,
In one ensanguined river on the heath,
While hundreds writheing lye beneath the stamp
of death.

XXVI.

The tiger, roaming through the deadly brake,
May spare the victim trembling 'neath his fangs;
The hungry lion, and the giant snake,
That round the panting stag devouring hangs—
The wildest thing may feel mild pity's pangs,
And spare his foe, before the human heart
Will own remorse; when vengeance loudly clangs
Her life-destroying tocsin, man will dart
Destruction all around, and but with death depart.

XXVII.

“On to the charge!—the moon has hung on high
Her silver lamp, within her starry hall,
To cheer the spirits of the brave who die!
On, on, ye warriors! and revenge their fall.”
Thus through the strife was heard the chieftain's call,
As on the foremost foes he wildly press'd;
He was the soul—the leading star of all:
They mix again, and far above the rest,
Like wild bird in a storm, waved Zarrum's eagle
crest.

XXVIII.

Thus raged the war; but where like beauty stood,
Amid her virgin train, the chieftain's bride,
A dreadful volley swept the groaning wood
With fearful hiss, and pierced her gentle side!
That fatal blight, the maddening warrior eyed—
Quick as the bolt that smites the towering oak,
Child of a thousand years, the forest's pride—
His arm of triumph's wither'd by the shock,
And his unconquer'd heart in one wild moment
broke!

XXIX.

As o'er the storm the kingly eagle sweeps,
Careering grandly on his feathery car,
Laughing to scorn the tempest's wrath, he keeps
His path sublimely 'mid the clouds afar,
When in his pride the hunter's arrows mar,
And bring him headlong from his fields of light,—
Thus rose the chief exulting in the war—
Thus sunk the chieftain in his hour of might,
His fame a wither'd branch, his morning hopes
a blight!

XXX.

Her piercing shriek rang high above the rest,
But ere she fell, her warrior love had sprung,
Quick as hope's spirit, to the aching breast,
And fondly o'er her bleeding bosom hung,
Like hunted panther o'er his slaughter'd young!
She raised her fading eye, and look'd on him—
That languid glance anew his bosom wrung:
He saw death's twilight gathering o'er it dim,
Like evening's dark'ning shade o'er heaven's unsullied brim.

XXXI.

Still she clung to him—without shrinking, clung,
Though death stood darkly in her hollow eye;
She heeded not the fearful gash, that wrung
The last drop from life's fount, and left it dry—
She heeded not the wild shouts swelling high:
She saw but him who held her sinking load—
For him alone is heaved her struggling sigh,
While he gazed on the stars that o'er him glow'd,
As if he wish'd to reach, and seek revenge from
God!

XXXII.

Cold lay she on his bosom; havoc's roar
Is thickening round, and he must fall or fly;
Death's thunder-cloud had roll'd in darkness o'er
The brightest star that sparkled in his sky—
The moment is too wild for her to die!

To groves of peace his Zemma must be borne,
Where she may gently breathe her latest sigh;
Though from his crest the fairest plume is shorn,
Yet he shall have revenge, before the rise of morn.

XXXIII.

With thoughts like these, the chieftain loudly blew
A well known blast throughout the ear of night;
Across the battle-field the echoes flew,
And call'd his warriors from the distant fight,
Who round the bleeding maid, with weapons bright,
Stood in a dusky circle, sullen—black—
Like stormy clouds which gather in their flight
Round the sick moon; the foe is on their track,
They must be brief—away! or meet the fierce
attack.

XXXIV.

“Warriors! ’tis vain; the fight our Gods deny;

Fly to the mountain grove, and safely rest,
Till forth again, when darker glooms the sky,

Then lay in blood the stranger’s lofty crest!”
Thus Zarrum spoke, and o’er his virgin’s breast
He wrapp’d his mantle, and with look of woe
He bore her, like the falcon to his nest!

The maidens follow, weeping as they go—

The warriors close the rear, to guard them from
the foe.

XXXV.

Breathless, the Spaniards hurried on their track

Through pathless woods, but mercy made it vain,
They only saw their shadows stretching black

Through the pale moonshine, and they sunk again:
The swarthy tribes have vanish’d from the plain—

None but the dead and dying helpless lay,
When, weary with insulting of the slain,

The foemen fired their huts, and far away
The bright flames cross’d the sky like flush of
rising day.

XXXVI.

Led by the wild and blood-red streak that flew
From the green plain along the murky sky,
They tried again to follow; but none knew.
The wild retreats of mountain liberty:
There was no sound, no murmur, but the sigh
Of the blue ocean—and, at times, the shrill,
Deep melancholy groan of agony,
That travell'd with the night breeze o'er the hill,
From the red couch of war: all other sounds were
still.

XXXVII.

Soon did the sable tribe ascend the wild,
And gazing back, they saw, with looks of dread,
In the calm moonshine that around them smiled,
The broad red lustre of their dwellings spread!
Few are the tears that vengeance deigns to shed;
For they can see, from off the rugged steep,
Like wild-birds hush'd upon their ocean bed,
Their foemen's galleys slumbering on the deep—
They have not cross'd the wave, the winds are
yet asleep.

XXXVIII.

Still onward toil'd the warrior host; but now
They tread a narrow path among the rocks,
And gain'd a cavern in a mountain's brow,
Shadow'd by giant palms, and rugged blocks
Of marble, shiver'd by the earliest shocks
Of all-destroying time: an infant stream
That gurgles on among the stones, and mocks,
With lulling melody, the vulture's scream,
Here held its path, unkiss'd by day's enlivening
beam.

XXXIX.

'Twas here they laid the virgin on a bed
Of tiger-skins and mountain-flowerets fair;
While Zarrum bent above her drooping head—
But though he felt, he scorn'd to look despair!
The heroes of his youth were standing there—
He knew their spirits brooded on revenge:
There was a savage demon in their glare,
Which, when each eye began o'er heaven to range,
Said, every wish would die, ere his dark empire
change!

THE AFRICAN.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

THE strife is o'er, and nature lies in rest,
Silence and beauty watching her repose;
The stars, like lovers, hang above the breast
Of the blue sighing ocean—whence arose
The groan of death, above yon field of woes!
All now is sad and mournful as the grave—
There nothing lingers, but the invading foes,
Gazing upon the sea, with looks that gave
A token that they thought on home, beyond the
wave.

II.

Cold lyes the lifeless limb—the cloven brow;
The moon, like guardian spirit of their sleep,
Looks in its solitary splendour now
From the blue wave of heaven's unruffled deep!
Their dirge is echoed by the winds that keep
Their journey on the mountains, and the tone
Of the wide ocean, whose young billows leap
As if they mock'd the last convulsive groan
Of parch'd and panting hearts, that break un-
mourn'd, unknown.

III.

Where threw the lofty palms their branches green,
As if to guard for aye that cavern's gloom,
Buried in woe the Indians might be seen
Around their chief and her—upon whose tomb
The next pale flowerets of the night will bloom!
They bent so fondly o'er her, in their woe,
As if they still could change her awful doom—
Then would they turn and eye the vale below,
Grasp their red spears of death, and shake them
at the foe.

IV.

That cheek, which, like their own calm evening sky,
Burn'd warm and beautiful—those eyeballs bright
Which shone like some pure star, that sparkles high,
The brightest in the coronet of night,—
They now beheld robb'd of their morning light,
They saw her bosom by the death-shot riven!
A thousand withering thoughts rose at the sight,
Like tempest o'er each soul they soon were driven,
Their yell of vengeance burst, and shook the
startled heaven.

V.

Our loves of early days—the beautiful
Flowers of hope's promise—oft are doom'd to die,
Yet there are moments, when those visions will
Lash the hot brain to maddening agony,
And call up vengeance for their bliss gone by!
That fiend who wanders, terrible and gaunt,
Like guilty Cain, with scowling murder's eye,
Mark'd out, from all the other thoughts that haunt
The desert of the mind—death's dark inhabitant.

VI.

So, this dark moment, bright, yet wildly flung
Life's early pleasures on the chieftain's brain—
Those hopes, that bloom'd for him when time was
young,
Which now the invader's sword had render'd vain;
And in the dark and desolated reign
Of his despair, those visions beam more bright,
Like some lone stars in the ethereal plain,
That start up through the blackness of the night,
To speak of hours gone by, when they were all
our light.

VII.

For the first flower that we in youth cull'd up,
Can never in the blighted memory die;
And the calm hours, that gilt life's bitter cup,
Will lingering play before the weary eye,
Like day's last radiance on a twilight sky!
And Zarrum felt in that long night of gloom,
Though rose life's early dreams, their warmth was by:
The one his spirit loved, had ceased to bloom—
Death, was his lover now—his bridal-hall, the tomb.

VIII.

Although a stoic 'mid his roving clan,

He had a heart that still could feel and weep;

And though a savage, yet he was a man

Whose soul was generous, and whose love was
deep:

Although at times, he could his feelings keep

Chill'd in his bosom, still they flow'd for woe,

Like the pure Alpine torrent, that may sleep,

Frozen by winter, in its bed of snow,

Yet spring's enlivening warmth can make it
brightly flow.

IX.

We build up hopes to glad our future years,

But while we dream, the early visions die—

The tree of life is water'd soon with tears;

Yet, as the oak blooms 'neath the coldest sky,

Child of the waste, so there are souls, who high

Soar o'er their fate, and brave the darkest shock:

'Twas not with Zarrum thus,—one gentle tie

Bound him alone to earth, and when it broke,

His hopes—his heart must break, beneath the
fatal stroke.

X.

'Twas now he felt he stood alone—with all
His brightest visions darkening round his brain:
The shock, was like a fiery tempest's fall
Upon the desert's scath'd and burning plain,
Kindling its hidden terrors up again!
He saw his fairest flower for ever nipp'd—
He could revenge, but not allay her pain:—
A thousand thoughts in that wild moment swept
Like lightning o'er his soul, and then he wept—
he wept.

XI.

We weep, because we know in vain we weep,
That bitter knowledge, makes us madly drink
The sickening poison of despair more deep,
Standing on desolation's awful brink;
For then we see those gentle objects sink,
Which bound us to this world and all its woe,—
Though keen our grief, we still have room to think
On flowers, which fate's dark hand has levell'd low,
On which our tears may fall, but cannot make
them grow.

XII.

Deem not the warrior shed unmanly drops:—

No, his were sorrows of a sterner kind—

His was the tribute due to wither'd hopes,

To wounds, which he had not the power to bind,

To vanish'd bliss he never more could find!

He could not all forget his morning dream,

Nor shut the magic eyelids of the mind,

Which gazed on many a bliss, whose fairy beam

Still play'd in mockery o'er life's dark and fro-

zen stream.

XIII.

Zarrum bent o'er his love; she felt his lips

Warm, on her forehead chilly as the stone—

Her soul was reeling in death's last eclipse,

The spirit of her eye now faintly shone—

The night of darkness cometh quickly on,

And she shall soon be nothing; o'er her bier,

The warrior of her love may stand alone,

And to her memory give the burning tear,

But where will be the voice his loneliness to

cheer!

XIV.

Still, with love's feeble strength, she fondly press'd,
In death's last hour, his bosom—deeply wrung;
Life pours its latest drops upon his breast,
While round his neck her icy arms are flung;
His half-form'd name dies faintly on her tongue,
Yet still it echoes in her parting sigh;
“Oh, hear!” he cried, as round her form he clung,
“Hear our just oath, before thy spirit fly,
And breathe it to our God, for vengeance in the
sky!”

XV.

“Thou diest, but we shall meet the murdering horde!
Eternal Spirit! leave thy starry place,
And hover with us, till we make the sword
Leave not of them, a remnant nor a trace—
None, none shall live of all that serpent race!
But we shall dig their graves upon the strand,
And when I quit this earth, to join the chase
With thee, my Zemba! in the soul's far land,
Oh, we shall tread the sod, where rot that wolf-
ish band!”

XVI.

Cheer'd by his voice, she gazes o'er the crowd,
O'er many a well known face, and bloody brow;
Death, for a moment, drew his sunless shroud
From her dim eye!—Lo, what a spirit now
Kindles within them!—but 'twas like the bow
Of heaven, seen briefly through the tempest's
gloom!—

She saw her chieftain, and she heard his vow—
Love snatch'd her soul an instant from the tomb,
She breathed her last—"farewell!" ere shrouded
in its womb.

XVII.

"Oh, fare thee well! I go to that blest shore,
Where we our fathers at the last will meet,
Where war's red tempest, shall be felt no more;
But where the olive's oil is always sweet,
And where the paths are flowery to the feet
Of the faint weary wanderer from the dead,
Whose soul is parch'd by Afric's burning heat—
Where the great sun no sickening rays will shed,
But everlasting palms shall blossom o'er our head."

XVIII.

Yet, when death's dreadful form at last appears,
And shows the parting soul his realms of night,
Oh, these are maddening moments, in which years
Flash all their visions on the reeling sight—
The deeds of other days! those moments bright,
Before the spirit knew affliction's smart,
Life's last farewell recalls once more to light;
Around the lonely brain again they dart,
Too late, alas! to cheer, but fit to break the heart.

XIX.

"Farewell!" she paused—her soul stood on the wing,
Her struggling voice died in one long, low sigh!
But ere her spirit took death's awful spring,
She bent upon the chief her closing eye—
That look, shall ever haunt his memory—
Then sprung she from her couch, and wildly
press'd
His quivering bosom, ere she sought the sky—
A passing struggle!—Zemma is at rest;
She lyes a lifeless load upon her lover's breast!

XX.

As rolls a dark cloud o'er the silent moon,
That long had beam'd serenely in the night,
Death's sickening shade of langour darken'd soon
Those orbs that mock'd the summer's warmest
light:
So quick upon her charms had fallen the blight,
That still the smile play'd faintly o'er her face;
Death could not mar her beauty with his might—
She lay like statue, where the eye may trace
Upon its frozen brow, a wildly thrilling grace.

XXI.

She look'd in death, like marble, where the smile
Of life seems wrought so nobly with the stone,
That it will charm for ever, even the while
We sigh to think 'tis nought we gaze upon!
Life seem'd but hush'd within her breast—not gone,
She look'd the same, as when the loveliest pair,
She and her warrior, graced their desert throne—
Those bright and happy moments, when they were
Light as the summer birds that wanton in the air.

XXII.

He saw her soul depart—what boots it now,
To weep above the ashes at his feet?
If tears could bid life sparkle o'er her brow,
His burning drops would bathe her winding sheet!
Revenge is all that now to him is sweet!—
That glorious dream and he shall never part;
And, when his band their foemen darkly meet,
If he must weep—the tears which then shall start,
Will be the drops which death wrings from the
expiring heart!

XXIII.

Stern, and collected now, he gazed on death,
And whirl'd on high his knotty spear again:
“Blood will have blood!” he cried—his spirit's wrath
Drank every calmer feeling from his brain;
“Blood will have blood!”—it echoed o'er the plain;
He roused the slumbering tiger, with his yell;
“Blood will have blood!” the hills peal'd forth amain;
His warriors spread from rank to rank the knell,
And the wild cry of “blood!” rang deeply o'er
the dell.

XXIV.

Such was the dirge, that rung above his bride,
Who coldly slumber'd 'neath the stars of heaven;
But "farewell!" broke upon his soul of pride,
It was the last lone murmur she had given;
Like winds that echo through a harp's strings riven,
Lonely and wild—so o'er his shatter'd mind
That keen, that solitary word was driven!
Oh, who can number all the sorrows twined
With the drear word—farewell! when parts what
long was join'd?

XXV.

What is more sadly beautiful, than death?
What thrills so deeply on the gazer's heart,
When the cold lifeless lips have ceased to breathe,
While beauty veils them, as if loth to part?
Like marble, chisel'd by divinest art,
Each changeless feature meets the aching eye;
Though sorely marr'd by the destroyer's dart,
Enough remains of loveliness gone by,
Like twilight's sleepy charm, to make the bosom
sigh.

XXVI.

That thrilling, changeless, bloodless, lifeless look,
O'er which mortality has coldly stole,
When with his icy fingers he has took
The charm of fair existence from the whole,
Speaks with a deathless language to the soul!
'Tis then we see those things that raised love's
flame!
Beyond the stars that shine, the storms that roll,
We know creation blooms—but not for them;
We know, the grave will hide their virtues and
their name.

XXVII.

Oft does the features, like an April sky,
Appear all sunny, when the heart is sear;
And stubborn pride oft drags into the eye
A moment's smile, to hide the starting tear,—
'Tis when we dread the rabble's taunt or sneer;
So Zarrum scorn'd in such an hour to bow,
The flowery scenes of many a vanish'd year,
Raised round his soul their parting voices now,
And bade him write in blood his spirit's burn-
ing vow.

XXVIII.

Now has the band prepared the virgin's grave,
With tears, they lay her in that couch of rest;
A wither'd tree seem'd in its grief to wave
Its melancholy branches o'er her breast;
Among the rocks the eagle had her nest,
And scream'd her farewell, from his misty cloud;
And richest plumes, shorn from some foeman's crest,
With a few flowers, are strewn upon her shroud,
And many a burning drop, in secret, from the
crowd.

XXIX.

The chieftain gazed a moment on her clay,
As if his soul could slumber by her side;
He look'd but once, and then he turn'd away
From her lone sepulchre, with hasty stride;
He felt, when closed the grave above his bride,
That bitter pang, which makes the loftiest bow!
While she lay in his sight, though hope had died,
Love still could gaze upon her placid brow,
But shrouded in the dust:—he feels the parting
now.

XXX.

He lean'd in silence on his sheathless brand,
His long plumes waving proudly in the sky;
His war-cloak loose, lay on the sparkling sand:
He durst not turn upon that grave his eye,
But fix'd it deeply on the lights that high,
Brilliant, and beautiful, their lustre shed—
As if he saw his Zemma's spirit fly,
On the lone little clouds, which night had spread,
Like pillows for each star to rest its weary head.

XXXI.

The spell is broke—each maiden's tearful glance
Assumes a darker and a wilder light;
Their song recalls him from his cloudy trance,
As, like to fairy music in the night,
It meets him sweeping lonely in its flight,—
All is at peace!—creation, in her sleep,
Looks as her bosom ne'er had felt a blight;
The moon is dreaming on the sea, and deep
Rolls Zemma's funeral dirge, o'er plain and
wooded steep.

FUNERAL SONG.

1.

Farewell, thou bright star!

Go where glory is beaming,
From death and from war,
Where the sun's ever gleaming;
No serpent is there,

To coil or to bite thee,
No lion will dare

With his roar to affright thee;
There no tempest sweeps

O'er the ocean-waves blue,
But the sea ever sleeps,

'Neath the gliding canoe;
And no simoom blows,

To give pain to thy breast;
And poison ne'er flows

From the flowers that are press'd:
But the spirit shall hover,

In fresh blooming bowers,
Surrounded for ever

By fountains and flowers!

2.

Farewell, sweetest bird!

Which the earth ever nursed,
Thy name shall be heard

In the song, echoed first;
Thy fate a tear calls,

For thy virtues were bright,
As the dew, when it falls

In the calm of the night.

3.

While to her goal

Thy spirit is rushing,
To cheer thy weary soul,

May streams aye be gushing—
Springs that will never cease,—

Cool flowery fountains,
Till thou comest in peace,

O'er the blue mountains;
Where thou at the last

Thy companions will meet,
When life's way is past,

As they bathe their parch'd feet

In the glittering waters,
That glide 'mid the bowers;
Where th' sky's chosen daughters
Will crown thee with flowers,
And the olive thou'lt quaff,
Shall blossom for aye,
From thy palace thou'lt laugh
Earth and ocean away.

XXXII.

The strain expired, while its wild numbers spread
Like sweet, unearthly music o'er the sky,
Till, spent by distance, on each mountain's head,
It melted slowly, like an infant's sigh;
Now all again is still! save when on high,
The ocean's murmurs float along the steep,
Like some great restless spirit wailing by—
The very breeze seems in its cave to weep
Above the dead, that strew'd the margin of the
deep.

XXXIII.

From her high hall of clouds, the moon looks down
Upon the chieftain and his gloomy band;
The sky upon them lower'd with fiery frown,
Red with their homes, that crumbled 'neath the
brand:

Some eyed its radiance—some lay on the sand,
All waiting silent for the death-note;—now
Zarrum has blown the blast!—at his command,
Each spear is grasp'd, each hand is on the bow,
And death exulting sits on every cloudy brow.

XXXIV.

The chieftain's eye reveal'd his stormy mind,
As, like the wolf, he seem'd to pant for blood;
His short, low growl came like the fitful wind,
As his strong spear he waved in savage mood,
Aloft—alone: amid his tribe he stood
The gloomiest, and the fiercest for the fight;
Death's hand had reck'd his hopes, but not subdued
The fiery soul that nursed them; and the light
Of vengeance rose alone, to glad his weary sight.

XXXV.

The scene of strife, now lovely to his eye—
The hour of blood, his burning spirit fed
With soothing balm—'twas now his heart beat high,
To view the quivering limb and cloven head,
And gasping lips, and hands in torture spread,
Tearing, with strong convulsive nail, the heath—
The frozen eye, whose sparkling soul has fled—
The faded cheek—the marble brow of wrath—
Yea, all the gloomy wreck of the wide field of
death.

XXXVI.

Mute in their dream of wrath, those warriors stood;
But, lo! they start—a spy is by their side:
He shows his javelin, clotted o'er with blood,
And with a yell of triumph, loudly cried,
“Beneath this shaft of death, their bravest died—
I have kill'd many, many are to kill,
Their purple draught too largely have they plied,
And now they sleep beneath yon palm-clad hill;
Arise, while vengeance breathes, and conquer,
if you will!

XXXVII.

“ You wonder, why I know the invaders sleep?

Then mark me well, ye warriors!—when ye fled,
Like the dark serpent that does silent creep

From sight, when hearing man’s unwelcome tread,
I lurk’d unseen, until the flames had spread

Their warm breath through the sky—’twas by
their ray,

I saw each rover droop the heavy head,

And bounding, like the tiger, on my prey,

I bathed this spear in blood, but all I could not slay.”

XXXVIII.

Oh, had you seen the gleam which cross’d each eye,

At the wild thought of gaining vengeance!—then

’Twas like the bolt that ploughs the thundery sky,

Which long had lower’d above the halls of men:

They sung their wildest song of battle, when

They saw so near, the glorious field of blood;

“ White men!” they cried, “ sleep sound, but ne’er
again

Shall ye awaken, to re-cross the flood—

No: with your flesh we’ll feed the vulture’s hungry
brood!”

XXXIX.

Cursed be the arm that lags a foe to smite,
When sweet revenge now peals his battle song;
“Come—come, ye spirits of the dead! and light
The brand of desolation them among,—
Now we will pay them deeply back each wrong,
Our father’s shades are hovering in yon sky,
Waiting for vengeance, but they’ll wait not long:
Soon they will hear our yell—our battle cry,
Join’d with the hopeless groan of those who ’neath
us die.

XL.

“Soon will the angel of destruction wave
His dark wings o’er them; on yon barren sand,
Oblivion soon will hide their lonely grave—
Their names shall wither at his stern command;
Long will their sisters, in their own fair land,
Bend the red eye across the mighty main;
Long will they stray beside its cheerless strand,
In hopes to see their white sails come again;
Ay—they may pray to heaven—their prayers
shall be vain!

XLI.

“Their ghosts may wander through the midnight air,
And tell the sires their children’s hapless state;
But if their brothers come, they too will share
On Afric’s shore, the same unhappy fate.
The vulture of the mountain is our mate,
The lion is alone our brother here;
The pard that walks the wilderness elate,
Flies from the dreadful glimmer of our spear—
The spirits of our foes shriek round us still in
fear.”

XLII.

Thus sung the warriors of the desert; now
The band is ranged to leave the silent hill;
A settled calmness broods on every brow,
Yet Zarrum, in an hour so sweet and still,
Feels through his soul each former passion thrill,
As to his love, he bids again—“farewell!”
And leaves her shrouded in her mansion chill.
“Blood will have blood!” again the warriors yell,
And plunging from the steep, like tigers scour
the dell.

THE AFRICAN.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Led by the blaze that from their dwellings shone,
Onward they move, that stern and savage band;
What heart but weeps to see youth's pleasures gone,
Smote by destruction's desolating hand?
Love's dreams of bliss, those visions bright and bland,
Which rose to charm our being's early hours;
Oh! who can e'er forget his kindred land—
His hopes—his home—and all its living flowers;
No, no! the rudest heart must own their magic
powers.

II.

So felt the warrior tribe, as on they pass'd
The spots that innocence to them made dear;
By the long sigh and mournful look they cast
Upon the black walls, hanging lone and drear,
It seem'd as if their fathers' ghosts were near,
And pointed where to strike the sleeping foe.
The hissing flames still rose, and sparkled clear
Across the plain, as if in wrath to show
The slumbering men of blood, who laid their
dwellings low.

III.

What, though no lordly dome, nor mighty tower
To please their pride, rose grandly through the
air;
Still the sweet bamboo grot, and palm-tree bower,
Were dear to them as pillar'd temple fair,
For love and freedom held their empire there:
There the first pleasures of their being bloom'd,
And many a thousand tender ties—which were
Razed with their homes, and to destruction doom'd;
Even liberty and peace were in the ruin tomb'd!

IV.

Moments there are, when fate his tempests roll,
Yet in the gloom, the bosom scorns to start;
Moments—in which the lightning of the soul
O'er many a faded hope can brightly dart;
Moments—which makes the spirit then a part
Of the wild elements that rule the hour;
Moments of darkness—when the burning heart
Must wildly act, in spite of fortune's lower,
Ere reason comes to cool her strong—her giant
power.

V.

So Zarrum felt that keen and restless thrill
At thought of vengeance, and the conflict dread;
The midnight sky, so beautiful and still;
The broad round moon, that glitter'd on the dead;
The lifeless limbs that marr'd his silent tread;
The quick bright sparkle of each sheathless brand;
The mountains, like his kindred, o'er his head,—
All made his spirit, in her wrath expand:
He felt as freemen feel, who tread their father's
land.

VI.

From the broad sky, was hung the fading lamp
Of the cold moon; around her, burn'd each star:
Below, the Spaniards, in their coverings damp,
Lay mute, as if in scorn of Indian war;
They deem'd that vengeance hid her blade afar!
Around them were the watch-fires dying, when
Death yoked his sable children to his car,
And sighs came loaded from these stranger men,
With the sweet name of home—which slumber
showed them then.

VII.

Perhaps they see, beneath night's holy star,
The sleeping waters of some lonely lake,
And hear the honey'd sounds of that guitar,
Stealing the midnight echoes to awake
That gentle silvery tone, for whose dear sake,
They oft had deem'd it bliss to walk the night,
To breathe love's sigh within the flowery brake,
Kiss the soft thrilling hand, that look'd more white
Than the mild beam of heaven, which bathed it
with its light.

VIII.

Ay, they may sleep! but oh, whatever dreams
Bring the far shadows of their childhood back,
They vanish darkly in long dying screams!
The fiery foe has raised the wild attack;
The war-whoop rings, and havoc stains their track;
The sparkling spears are in a moment red;
The arms that smite for vengeance, are not slack;
And ere the cloud of slumber leaves the lid
Of many a dozing eye, death hath its spirit hid.

IX.

Like dark hyennas rushing on their prey
In the lone hour of night, the warriors sweep,
Wasting as hurricanes, upon their way;
The storm of death falls terrible and deep!
In vain the Spaniards, starting from their sleep,
Grapple their dusky foes—with savage eye
Looking death wildly—as they strive to leap,
And battle bravely, or as bravely die;
Ruin above them yells—they perish where they
lye!

X.

Oh, dreadful 'twas to see the victors stoop,
And plunge in death that crazed and hapless
throng!

The woods re-echo to each rapid whoop,
And o'er the sky the yell is borne along—
The note of death—the warriors' battle song;
Their red eyes roll amid the fiery haze;
Revenge hath made the arm of woman strong,
Amid the war their piercing screams they raise:
Like sun-burst in a storm, again the falchions
blaze.

XI.

As breaks a thunder blast upon the deep,
Flinging, with giant arm, its waves apart—
Like lightning through a hurricane asleep,
On the tired Spaniards fell the venom'd dart:
A wild convulsive heave—a sudden start—
A hollow groan—their souls are on the wing!
O God! when vengeance steels the burning heart,
The human spirit is a fearful thing,
A dark volcanic storm, blasting and withering!

XII.

But who the swarthy chieftain can describe?

Death in his hand and vengeance in his eye,
He was the fearless eagle of his tribe,

Who, in the hour of havoc, scorn'd to fly
To meaner quarry; and, with horrid cry,

Upon his prostrate foe he now alights:
Ah, soon their bravest 'neath his hatred die!

When, like the storm's red wing, his falchion
smites

Alike the invading foe, who slumbers, flies, or
fights.

XIII.

Oh, had you seen him, in his hour of strife,

Like havoc, striding darkly o'er the slain,
Hewing the branches from the tree of life;

His gloomy soul, whirl'd to his burning brain,
Seem'd starting from his eyes' unearthly strain:

He look'd like Death, Time's solitary mate,
Upon the last wild morning of his reign,
Knowing his latest power, his coming fate—
Strikes with a tenfold rage, the victims of his hate.

XIV.

As in those solitary wastes of sand,
A band of pilgrims in their path should meet
The tawny monarch of the cheerless land,
Stalking in gloomy majesty to greet
Their onward coming—who with trembling feet
Attempt to fly, but flying, fall a prey,—
So tried the Spaniards, for their last retreat,
To seek the creek wherein their galleys lay,
But met a coward's death, ere far upon the way.

XV.

'Tis done!—the strife is o'er; revenge is dead;
The victors stood alone upon the field!
No tears are dropp'd above the foemen's head—
Havoc has every swarthy bosom steel'd:
'Tis seldom vengeance spares the few who yield;
Death is the war-cry of the maddening heart;
In vain sweet mercy bends her starry shield,
Hate quickly drives that heavenly fence apart,
And smites the kneeling foe with his unsparing
dart.

XVI.

The strife is past!—the solitary strand,
And the blue ocean, hail the moon again,
And silence sits upon the gory sand;
But, list! the wolf prepares to leave his den,
Howling his song of blood, as joyful when
He hears the vulture on her misty flight;
But where the wild cries of the warring men
Rung loudly through the starry ear of night,
Death plumes his crest alone with the red spoils
of fight.

XVII.

'Tis something dreadful, when the strife is by,
To see the last remains of mortal clay
Stretch'd cold and solitary 'neath the sky;
The frozen features, ghastly in decay;
The half-shut eye, whose spirit is away;
The marble forehead, and the breast of stone;
The boney hand, clench'd as in battle 'fray;
The gory falchion into fragments strewn;
The shield—the shatter'd helm, whose masters
lye o'erthrown.

XVIII.

Silence and desolation shrouding all;
The mighty sepulchre of tombless dead;
And the broad, beauteous midnight, like a pall
Flung dim and coldly o'er each warrior's head,—
All give a picture of that day of dread,
When the archangel, on his throne sublime,
Rouses at last the millions of the dead,
Whose ashes in the dying hour of time,
Lye ready to revive in heaven's eternal clime.

XIX.

How cold the rovers slumber on the sand,
The moon-beams resting on their bosoms chill;
The naked blade, grasp'd in the lifeless hand,
Tells with wild tale, the spirit's parting will!
They had not perished thus, if on the hill,
The foe had met them nobly, face to face;
But now the heart is cold—life's latest thrill
Has vanish'd darkly from its secret place—
Death's pale and shadowy form is all the eye
can trace.

XX.

All may be soon forgotten—but the thought
Of vengeance, friendship, or of earliest love,
For those were things which from the world we
bought
With pain and pleasure, never to remove
From the lorn heart; and like the arkless dove
Which hung above its wandering home, and traced
Its lonely shadow through the gloom above!
Those breathings of the soul, though oft defaced,
Will gleam on memory's eye, when all her world
is waste.

XXI.

Linger'd those feelings round the chieftain still,
And o'er his wither'd heart their gloom was cast;
His Zemma's "farewell!" with convulsive thrill,
Rush'd through his bosom, when the strife was past;
To him, the world was now a desert vast,
His night of sorrow had no cheering ray;
'Twas now he thought on Zemma's words—at last
The hour of dark revenge had roll'd away:
Alone he stands—a wreck, amid his hope's decay.

XXII.

Sear'd was the chaplet which in youth he wove,
Gone were the moments of delight to him;
The grave had closed in darkness o'er his love,
Life's sparkling cup was now for ever dim;
The draught was bitter—to the very brim
It swam with wormwood deeply; never more
Shall he on moon-lit eves, with Zemba skim,
In light canoe, the ocean's bosom hoar,
Or pick the gilded shells from the untrodden shore.

XXIII.

Ne'er shall he rouse the lion from his lair,
Or climb the mountain, with his ashen bow
To strike the eagle in the whirling air,
That with his plumage he might deck her brow;
Ne'er shall she listen to his faithful vow!
He stands alone—his desolated heart
Can never quit with lighter pangs than now
The cheerless earth:—'tis done! he longs to part,
Since nothing blooms for him upon its dreary
chart.

XXIV.

Lone, as a shadowy being of the grave,
The chieftain linger'd on the uplands gray;
He stood in silence, gazing on the wave
That mingled with the broad sky, far away:
The foe that stemm'd it in their proud array,
Were lying lifeless on its sandy plain;
Nought meets his aching eyeballs, while they stray,
But those dull ranks that ne'er shall wake again,
And his dark warrior host re-mingling with the
slain.

XXV.

Weeds which the vulture in his flight had sown
On the dark cliffs, some thousand years ago,
Nursed now by time, like spectres, waved alone
Their solitary branches to and fro,
They seem'd to wail his spirit's overthrow!
Beneath their mournful shade he took his stand;
Yet e'er he parted from this world of woe,
He bent one look upon his fathers' land—
One long, one farewell glance, upon his kindred
band.

XXVI.

Some, he saw wandering with restless foot
Among the gory corpses of the dead;
While others lean'd upon their falchions, mute,
As if they thought on some dear object fled;
And lovers rush'd, all ecstasy, to shed
Their souls into each other. As he gaz'd,
He thought upon his virgin's dreary bed—
His morning shrine, where love's first incense
blazed,
Death's desolating hand had to its ashes razed!

XXVII.

Those sights were not for him—he turned away
To worship sorrow in the solitude;
He left the mountain's brink, and moon-lit ray,
And plunged into the darkness of the wood;
Now by that solitary heap he stood,
While o'er the midnight desert of his mind
Crept all the tenderness of woman's mood—
Those tears dissolved the ties that long had join'd
His proud but gentle soul to live with human kind.

XXVIII.

Bosoms there are, that long their fate will bear,
Amid the scenes which youth has round them cast,
And flourish through their span—if fortune spare
Those early pleasures, brilliant to the last;
But they decay—soon as their spell is past—
As the pure glacier, bound by winter's belt
To its dark mountain, braves the rudest blast;
But when it's heart the summer's warmth has felt,
Th' eternal towers of ice are shiver'd when they
melt.

XXIX.

So fell the chieftain's spirit—when the cloud
Of sorrow melted round his manly heart;
He gazed upon his lover in her shroud,
And smote his forehead with convulsive start!
“Revenge is o'er,” he cried—“I must depart—
No more for me shall war his tempest roll—
Zemma! for thee was launch'd my latest dart—
My crest is sunk—life's race is at its goal—
The beautiful has pass'd—the sunshine of my
soul!

XXX.

“Yet I will join thee in the spirits’ land,
Beyond this sphere of misery and pain;
Some beauteous star is form’d for us, where stand
Bowers ever green, to shield young freedom’s
reign.

There we may skim some pure and summer main,
Brighter than that which washes Afric’s shore;
Roam through the palm-tree groves at eve again,
And hear no serpent hiss—no tiger roar,
And quaff those pure cold streams, that gush for
evermore.

XXXI.

“The night declineth—I must haste away
Ere the day lights his torch upon the deep;
The sun will rise, but only throw his ray
Upon our lowly tombs and dreamless sleep—
Shine on, bright soul of heaven! and freshly keep
Eternal spring-flowers round our lifeless brow—
I come, my Zemima!—but I will not weep;
In springing from the world, to join thee now—
I’ll meet thee as thy love—a warrior of the bow.”

XXXII.

Long his impatient heroes mournful stood,
Waiting their chief, till silver-footed day
Walk'd laughing o'er the blue and boundless flood,
That heaving in the calm of sunshine lay;
Long may they wait—his soul is pass'd away!
But now they wander by his Zemma's tomb:
They see him bleeding on her shrouded clay,
His dark eye closed in death's eternal gloom,
The blade within his grasp, which wrought his
fearful doom!

XXXIII.

Thus those two lovers of the wild are gone,
E'en in that hour when pure affection shed
Her balmy sunshine o'er each gentle one.
The mountain fern is now their bridal bed—
Their guests, the frozen and the ghastly dead—
Their song of joy, those wailings on the heath—
Their nuptial lamps, the cold stars o'er their head;
Darkness and dust, their wedding chamber—death
The solitary one, who twined their bridal wreath!

XXXIV.

Soon will the desert know them not; their home
Is in the narrow house—yet where they lye,
The broad blue heaven is their unsullied dome,
And where is church that with such vault may vie?
The snowy mountains, glittering cold and high,
Will look like marble pillars of the aisle—
The stars, those wanderers of eternity,
The gorgeous lamps to light the arch—the while
Ocean uplifts his voice, like organ through the
pile.

XXXV.

His warriors wept, who seldom wept before,
And gazed upon his wound with heavy eye;
Then dipp'd their arrows in his reeking gore,
And swore revenge, if ever 'neath the sky,
The banners of their foes were seen to fly!
They now have laid him with his lovely bride,
And hark, they raise his death-song wild and high:
Each with his naked falchion by his side,
Chants round the bier of him who once was Afric's
pride!

SONG.

We will not raise with tears his stone,
Lest he, from out yon starry sky,
Should scorn the heart so tender grown,
As make his epitaph—a sigh!
But let us chant his song of war,
Until it reach his sunny track
And make him gaze from out his star,
And wish to journey back
And join us, when we meet again
The strangers from the distant main!

2.

No more the lion in his den,
Will hear thy battle cry;
No more the serpent in the fen,
Before thy dart will fly;
Ah, no! thou eagle of the fight,
Thy eye is dark—thy wing is broke—
Thy plume is wither'd in thy might,
Smit by the lightning's stroke;
Yet let thy foes in darkness flee,
'Twas not their brand that conquer'd thee.

3.

Long will we guard thy lowly grave,
And keep the tiger far away;
And should the wanderers of the wave,
Venture again some future day,
We'll meet them on the ocean's beach,
True to thy battle word,
And give thy stern embrace to each—
The welcome of the sword;
Like thee, with havoc write their doom,
And strew their bones around thy tomb!

4.

Thy dart transfix'd the foremost foe,
The antelope, that trod the wind;
Thy hand was first outstretch'd to woe,
The broken heart to bind.
May the great Spirit of the dead,
Thy soul to his calm regions waft;
A kinglier eagle never bled
Beneath the hunter's shaft:
But thou shalt plume thy wing on high,
And build thine eyry in the sky!

POEMS.

ON THE FOSIL REMAINS OF A MAN, FOUND IN THE ISLAND OF GAUDALOUPE.

YES, thou'rt on earth, but cannot claim
One mouldering atom of its clay;
Thou hast no kindred and no name,
In all its dark decay;
Thou'rt like a thing of some strange clime,
Thrown up from the great sea of time!

If thou could'st speak, deserted one,
I'd ask of thee thy day of birth—
The story of the mighty, gone
With thee in darkness down to earth;
And of thy old and buried town,
Hid many a thousand fathoms down?

Where didst thou steer thy being's bark?

Was it o'erwhelm'd by that wild blast,
When the lone dwellers of the Ark

Saw nature breathe her last;
And drifting with the ocean foam,
Didst thou find out this rocky home?

And when the deep was backward hurl'd,
Wert thou engulf'd in thy stone cell—

A statue of that erring world,
Its awful fate to tell?

Has time preserved thee, that thy tale
O'er sceptic fables might prevail?

What were thy old companions?—speak!

Were they of that unblemish'd throng,
When from the mountain's flowery cheek

Rose the first voice of song—
The sons of nature's infant year,
Who lived the life-time of a sphere?

Oh, answer! were thy kindred made
Like us, to feel alternately
The griefs that sting—the hopes that fade—
The pleasures that too early die,
And leave the bosom like the tomb,
With ashes for our hopes in bloom?

I need not ask thy story brief:—
The men of thy dead world would feel,
Like us, the thrills of joy and grief,
Which through all bosoms steal;
It is enough thou wert of clay,
The tale is told in thy decay.

Yes! thou didst feel each passion stern,
Those sorrows which the bosom sear,
A bitter lesson, all must learn
Whose pilgrimage is here:
Affection made thy spirit bend;
If faithful, too, thou hadst a friend.

And thou didst love some gentle one,
In life's unclouded summer day;
But she, like thee, is turn'd to stone,
Or wither'd quite away:
Yet thou hast met her—if there be
A meeting in eternity.

Lone remnant of another race,
Though mantled in oblivion's pall,
Of ages gone, thou art a trace,
Doom'd to outlast us all!
Thou laugh'st at time—his withering dart
Falls vainly on thy rocky heart.

Yes, thou art stone—each frozen nerve
Shall never change, nor slacken now;
Thy marble lips, though seal'd, may serve
Our doubts to disavow:
Their soundless language, bids us see
A world's whole history writ on thee.

SONNET ON THE SKY.

LET my soul wander o'er thy starry road,
And view thy mighty mysteries of flame;
Majestic Temple of the Living God!
Thy beauty faileth not; thou art the same
To-day as yesterday—when morn is by,
And night hath all her lamps of glory lit;
We read those words—the soul shall never die,
In the bright characters which God has writ
On thy fair bosom, everlasting sky!
Oh, those calm moments when the stars are high,
The spirit feels she is not form'd of clay!
Proud from the dust she lifts her eagle eye,
Not like the nerveless being of a day,
But that which will exist, when worlds have pass'd
away!

THE SUICIDE.

THE mist is on the mountain, and the moon
Walks like a spirit through the troubled sky,
Clouded and pale—the storm her winding-sheet,
And from the dark wrack, hissing wildly past,
Looks, for a moment, on the far off world:
No star is seen; but o'er the front of night
The billows of the tempest roll along,
Driven by the wind—the sky's rude charioteer,
That sounds his tocsin as he gallops on,
Till echo answers o'er the vault of heaven.

Where rush'd a river in its wintry strength,
Amidst a wilderness of mighty stones,
Reft from the hoary mountain, and clad o'er
With the rank moss of ages,—solitary,
High on a crag, beneath an aged oak
That seem'd to bend in utter loneliness,
A being stood, like something of the storm
That howl'd around him with familiar tone;
His brow was pale as monumental bust,

But through the hollow darkness of his eye,
Which seem'd delighted with the hurricane,
Despair look'd proud and ghastly; madness seem'd
Wheeling some demon in his dizzy brain,
As leapt the lightning through the ragged clouds,
In night's black solitude; the raven shriek'd,
And the dull owl, as if in mockery,
Echo'd the wild "farewell!" he murmur'd now
To some one whom he still was doom'd to love.

One who was young and changing—one fair maid,
Who was like beauty's self, all light and smiles,
But still inconstant and ungenerous—yet
She gain'd his heart, and they had fondly loved
From infancy; till fortune's envious hand
Tore the soft band of faith which made them one:
She was a wayward girl—her very soul
Was but a dream of pleasure and romance;
Her flame was kindled when her heart was young,
It was too bright and wavering to live on
Through colder years, amid those cares which time
Flings o'er the youthful spirit; she was form'd

To live where life was but one carnival.
Though he, from boyhood, was of silent mien
And melancholy mood, his thoughtful eye,
That seldom glanced upon the lighter world,
Fix'd on this blooming virgin, and he loved
With all the passion of the enthusiast:
His was a holy feeling, not to change
Till death had quench'd it. Often have they roam'd
The lone green hill at midnight, when the moon
Came from her hall of clouds, and walk'd abroad
Like beauty's queen among the hosts of heaven.
Oft would she sit and sing love's holiest hymn,
When rose the stars upon the waters, and
The great deep slumber'd in the arms of night;
And he has heard her music stealing o'er
The sleeping night-flowers with a tone so sweet,
As if it came from heaven to lull the soul
Of weary nature to delightful dreams:
Her wild romantic humour pleased him well,
And though of different moods, her beauty won
A soul like his, affectionate and true.
Brief were his dreams of early happiness:

Her bosom changed—another came, and bore
His bride away in triumph; from that hour,
Reason and peace for ever fled his brain.

Such was the cheerless one, who stood enwrapt
With the dark mantle of the tempest—now
Akin to his own desolated heart,
Loud howl'd the sky above him; and around
The mountains answer'd with their rocky throats,
To the long peals that swept the groaning air;
Beneath him yawn'd the waters, rushing wild
Through their black channel—while the ancient oak
Rustled in wrath above him to the storm;
The moon, that long had battled with the blast,
Was now emerging from the heavy clouds,
And looking through their shatter'd folds, like hope,
Upon the ills and sorrows of mankind:—
That melancholy man, as broke the light,
Shook for a moment, and with maddening force
Smote with his icy hand his throbbing brow,
Then gave a cheerless look to the far moon—
While something seem'd to wake within his brain,

Too agonizing now for him to bear:
Perhaps the thought of other days, when he
Breathed out the burning secrets of his soul
In the calm hour of midnight, broke again
Upon his wandering memory, and brought back
Scenes, which were madness now to gaze upon,—
Whate'er it was, he smote again his brow,
And with his look fix'd on the restless sky,
He plunged into the bosom of the flood!
The waters caught him as he fell, and roar'd
His rude knell to the rocks, that echoed back
The solitary plunge and parting shriek:
A thunder-cloud, that long had hover'd, burst,
And for a moment tinged his sinking brow—
While its great voice, that rolling fill'd the sky,
Added the last wild music to the dirge
Which angry nature sung above his grave!

LOVE.

WHEN rosy morn threw o'er the tide
His youthful beams of glory bright,
When young creation, like a bride,
Sprang to the arms of light,
Warm from her God, Eve stood; her eye
Spoke the pure feelings of her soul—
She look'd, beneath the glowing sky,
The spirit of the whole.

She wist not where to turn—when soon
She saw within an harbour deep,
Hush'd by the lulling breath of noon,
The partner of her joys asleep;
The sunshine 'mid his tresses play'd,
Peace show'd a brow unstain'd by guile,—
She rush'd to clasp the dream—but stay'd
To pause o'er him awhile.

She felt strange raptures through her roll,
A cloud a moment dimm'd her eye—
It pass'd—but all her fluttering soul
Came heaving in one sigh:
Their guardian seraph, hovering nigh
Upon his starry spangled road,
Caught woman's first and purest sigh,
And brought it to his God.

Thine be the sigh! his Maker said,
With thy pure wings the meteor fan,
Since thou first heard'st the spotless maid
Pour out her soul to man!
Fair glow'd the youthful seraph bright,
High shouted all the hosts above:
So henceforth through the realms of light,
They call the spirit Love!

SONNET ON THE COMET.

RED messenger of God! thou journeyest bright
Through space, the sign of pestilence and war;
Commission'd on thy dusky path to smite
With fiery scourge each proud rebellious star;
To chase the fugitive to cheerless night,
With sulphury curse its loveliness to mar!
And when thy fearful task of wrath is done,
Thou dost return, and bring the light again,
Which warm'd each wither'd orb, to cheer the sun:
Then does Jehovah's hand thy pinions rein,
Till roll the thunder, and the lightnings run,
And bid thee launch once more upon the main
Of wide eternity, with wing unfurl'd,
To blast again some dark and guilty world.

THE SPIRIT'S PRAYER.

A SPIRIT whom the voice of death
Had call'd from this cold sphere,
Paused for a moment on her path,
To look at scenes once dear;
The frozen tinge that shadow'd o'er
Her face, had died away,
The shroud she wore an hour before,
She left beside her clay.

Her eye beheld, with strange delight,
The systems round her roll;
A thousand things unknown and bright,
Broke on her wondering soul:
Se saw the earth hang dim and far
Beneath her airy tread,
Lit by each solitary star
That round her calmly spread.

She saw the city of her birth
 Beneath the moon-shine lye,
She saw the thousands of the earth
 Unheeded fall and die,—
Smote by the giant arm of death,
 They fell and left no trace,
Their spirits pass'd her on their path
 Through the wide fields of space.

She gazed through the unclouded air,
 Where once her mansion lay,
Her children still were weeping there
 Beside her tombless clay;
She saw them in their loneliness
 Unheeded round her bow,
And in their sorrow kiss each tress
 That hid her lifeless brow.

They were in want; none came to cheer,
 Even hope in darkness slept:—
The spirit saw each burning tear,
 And as she saw she wept,

And bending then her deathless eye
Far through the slumbering air,
Where God sat in the starry sky,
She breathed a mother's prayer:

“Eternal Spirit! comfort now
Yon mourners in their dark abode;
They have no parent—Oh! be thou
Their Guardian and their God;
Cold is the breast where they have clung,
And prattled in their infant glee,
Closed are the lips, and mute the tongue,
That would have turn'd their hearts to thee.

Then oh, bind up the broken heart,
Which few in yon cold world will heal;
Where is the shield to break the dart
That misery's victims feel?
Yes, Thou shalt plume the spirit's wing,
That bends on thee faith's trusting eye;
Though tempests gather, she shall spring
In sunshine to the sky.

Then smile upon their opening bloom,
Let virtue lead their hearts above;
Till past the darkness of the tomb,
They share once more a mother's love!"
She ceased—an arch of light appear'd,
Love's brightening banner to her given:—
The spirit knew her prayer was heard,
And bore away for heaven.

SONNET ON LIGHTNING.

A moment's radiance through the groaning air,
A transient sparkle on the gloomy hill,
Tells to the aching eye thou'rt travelling there;
Now nature stunn'd, seems for a moment still—
Again it thunders, and the mountains thrill
With fearful music; now earth feels the bound
Of the red giant, as he springs about
Upon the riot in the vast profound;
The pale-faced sun is looking dimly out,
As if he trembled at thy wrathful sound.
Thy music is the last which e'er shall roll
O'er nature when death gathers round her sight;
Thy brand, the torch which then shall guide the soul
Through the far desert of descending night!

SONNET.—THE SUMMER NOON.

Now is the sun alone within the sky,
No fleecy cloud dare wander in his view;
But in his fiery chariot bright and high,
He rolls athwart a heaven of deepest blue—
While nature sickens 'neath his sultry eye:
The flocks seem hush'd, so sleepy is the hour
Buried amid the thickest shades they lie;
The weary bee seems dreaming on each flower,
The airy wanderers seek the grove, and try
Beneath the drooping tree their wings to cower;
The heaven so warm, so cloudless and so broad,
So calmly stretch'd above the panting earth,
Looks like a mirror, where the eye of God
May view creation in her hours of mirth!

TO THE SUN.

IN thee, and in thy glory, we behold

What man through countless ages still reveres,
What millions worshipp'd, what the great of old,
Though all-imperfectly, amid the spheres
Shaped as a God, whose smile might dry their tears:
Ancient of days! unfading glory! thou
With all the lustre of ten thousand years,
Smilest on us in our sin and sorrow now!
Oh, was it crime for man before thy shrine to bow?

The ancient Persian, on his flowery hill,
Kneeling before thy cloudless majesty,
Of all earth's wanderers err'd the least, who still
Kept thy bright throne for ever in his eye.

Almighty minister of the Most High!

Through what vast fields and deserts dost thou roam,
When thou hast left thy palace in our sky!

Where is thy bed? where dost thou choose thy
dome?

The worlds are 'neath thy feet—eternity thy home!

Thou look'st upon the stars, as little children
Playing about thy fiery fount of light,
Their silver eyeballs with thy rays bewildering.
When thou putt'st on thy morning garments bright,
Who dares to eye thee boldly sight to sight?
No! thou alone art monarch of the heaven,
The moon herself but glimmers in thy might!
Unmoved, though storms are round thy temples
driven,
Thou stand'st like holy peace, to soothe creation
riven!

Thy charms depart not with the night! thy face
To other worlds, when ours is sleeping, gleams;
Time cannot steal from thee one sparkling grace!
No! let me scorn all philosophic dreams
Of comets journeying to restore thy beams;
Thy path is where our thoughts can never go—
Through heaven's far wonders; and each planet seems
Proud of thy beauty, while they round thee bow,
Or crowd about thy breast to share thy deathless
glow.

And thou dost wander through the universe,
The tempest sweeping far beneath thy feet;
At thy command, his blackest clouds disperse—
He cannot quench thy bright and living heat;
Methinks the Eternal keeps in thee his seat,
Borne by the whirlwind on thy flaming car,
Rolling athwart the mighty concave fleet,
That he may see each vast and distant star,
And fling his living light o'er all his realms afar.

I fain would be thy worshipper—thou art
So like the God that made thee! and thy might
Staggers the boldest fancies of the heart;
Amid thy chambers of undying light,
Thou makest eternity around the bright;
Earth, and her thousand empires feel decay;
Stars droop with years—but thou receivest no
blight;
Unsullied still, thou art the same to-day,
As when Time wander'd forth—an infant on his
way!

Thou wert the beacon-light, which brightly glow'd
When young Creation from her cradle sprang,
When in the shining sky, the sons of God
And all the morning stars together sang;
When nature's bosom felt sin's earliest pang,
Thy beam descended drooping man to cheer;
And when destruction at the last will twang
Time's funeral trump, thou wilt not leave him
here,
But journey with his soul into a happier sphere!

Thou wert a wonder to the ancients, and
Thou art a mystery still. Thou wert not made
To wither with the world; and ruin's hand,
Which makes creation and her millions fade,
Passes in vain o'er thee; and undecay'd
Thou stand'st amid the storms that round thee
roll;
Oh, who can tell the years, which thou hast sway'd
The empire of the sky from pole to pole,
Star of the Living God! great nature's mighty
soul!

TO THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE.

DARK monarch of the cloudy sky!
Proud and companionless—
Alone, thou bend'st thy scornful eye
On spheres so dark as this.
Where thou dost reign in gloomy pride,
No living thing is by thy side
Within the wilderness,
Nought but thy own unshrinking brood,
And thou dost quench their thirst with blood.

Thou need'st no chart to guide thy path;
Thou climb'st the tempest's form,
Careering grandly o'er its wrath,
Dark rider of the storm!
The thunder rolls beneath thy feet,
The whirlwind is thy winding-sheet—
Laughing his wrath to scorn:
Thou spread'st thy mighty wings abroad,
Like some fleet messenger of God!

Where leaps the living cataract loud
In Cona's wizard glen,
From thy black eyry 'mid the cloud,
Above the reach of men,
Thou'rt seen in noblest grandeur there,
Enthroned among thy caverns bare;
Woe to the intruder, then,
Who meets thee floating on the breeze,
Above thy own dark palaces!

And thou hast had in that black dell
A red and wild repast,
For there the brave and lovely fell
'Neath murder's midnight blast;
Yet when thou whett'st thy gory beak
Upon the young and blooming cheek,
Whose life was ebbing fast,
Thou didst what nature bade thee do:
Thy foemen were not to subdue.

More wild, more ruthless far than thou,
Man sought that lone abode;
He gave the hand, he pledged the vow,
Before the eye of God;
But in the holy hour of sleep,
They broke the faith they swore to keep,
Then murder grimly strode,
And manhood's groan and woman's prayer
Thrill'd vainly through the wintery air.

Hold on thy path, stern child of heaven!
Across the marble sky,
The sleeping clouds are quickly riven,
To let thee journey by;
So may the chainless soul at last,
When life's cold twilight hour is past,
Stretch her bright wings on high,
And mount along her starry road,
From nature up to nature's God!

SONNET.—SUNSET.

DAY sets in glory, and the glowing air

Seems dreaming in delight; peace reigns around,
Save where some beetle starteth here and there

From the shut flowers that kiss the dewy ground;
A burning ocean, stretching vast and far

The parting banners of the king of light,
Gleams round the temples of each living star

That cometh forth in beauty with the night:—
The west seems now like some illumined hall,

Where beam a thousand torches in their pride,
As if to light the joyous carnival

Held by the bright sun and his dark-robed bride,
Whose cloudy arms are round his bosom press'd,
As with her thousand eyes she woos him to his rest!

AIRD'S MOSS.

'Twas when fair Scotland felt oppression's rod,
When rose a bleeding empire's prayer to God,
As desolation stamp'd his iron foot,
And at his yell the firmest hearts grew mute,
That a lone remnant of the injured brave
Who struggled on, their country's rights to save,
Met by the dark green mountain—far from men;
The sky, their canopy—their church, the glen
With all its beauteous links of rock and tree,
Which liberty had raised to guard the free:
There was no sound around them, but the tone
Of the wide desert; there they sat alone,
While, robed in glory, from his high abode
The sun smiled on them like the eye of God;
No cloud across his mighty hall was driven,
And their wide temple seem'd to stretch to heaven;
A brook whose bed was in the mountain's gray,
Pass'd them like silence dreaming on its way;
The lone waste was before—and dark behind,
A forest shook its tresses to the wind,

And there were sweets around them—the wild flower
Peep'd like secluded beauty from its bower,
And the far eagle in his airy shroud
Scream'd faintly from his solitary cloud,
So calm the air in which he seem'd to swing,
It scarcely moved the down upon his wing,
As floating slowly on the ether's breast,
He burnish'd in the sun his golden crest.

And they were there, those dark-eyed men—they
stood

Like the roused spirits of the solitude,
As oft before, when to the desert driven,
With Bible spread, and wild eye turn'd to heaven,
Their long gray mantles were around them cast,
Their shaggy locks stream'd on the mountain blast;
They stood to perish for their fathers' land,
The sheathless falchion in their strong right hand;
A dreadful stillness on their foreheads bare,
Far deeper than the shadows of despair—
That wild determined look, when hope is by
And the soul hoards her strength to do or die,

When they expect no triumph out revenge—
That fiery wish, which is the last to change
The heart's fierce struggle in that hour of gloom,
Which breaks delighted at its foemen's tomb;
They stand with look above the reach of pain,
With ashy lip curl'd proudly in disdain;
They stand on earth, but not akin to her—
Their dearest ties are in the sepulchre.

Oh, 'tis a glorious sight, to see the last
Of freedom's children when all hope is past!
Still standing to defend her, though they see
No change but death from their captivity;
To see the last brave spirits, that would rather
Tombless upon the barren mountains wither,
Than tamely crouch beneath a despot's nod,
Or bend the knee to any one but God!
Each land can boast a Cannæ's purple sea,
But few a struggle like Thermopylæ.

'Twas noon's calm hour, and the broad mountain sky
Look'd like the living breath of poetry,

Blue and unclouded to the very soul;
No speck within the sunshine dared to roll,
While to their God, with cadence wildly shrill,
The voice of praise floats swelling from the hill;
'Twas one of those sweet strains to Scotland dear,
Which steals like love's wild magic on the ear—
It slumber'd in the air, as if it kept
Converse with nature's spirit while she slept;—
The strain is o'er; each naked blade they shook
While vengeance darted from each lowering look,
Dark as the thunder-cloud: whose only light
Is the red bolt that quivers forth to smite.
But, hark! that shout, which starts the sleeping air:
The blood-hounds track them to their mountain lair;
That sound proclaims the foe is on the heath:
Now—now, for vengeance, and the work of death!
Ah! men of Scotland, stand, as ye have stood,
And dye the mountain-fern with tyrant's blood;
Teach the oppressors there are freemen still,
Who dare to walk with stately step the hill!
Out leaps the sword, they sternly eye their foes,
Then meet them in the tug of death, and close.

The strife is done:—the sun has sunk in blood;
The glen is silent—where the mighty stood;
And save some broken weapons, and the gore
That clots the mountain granite, cold and hoar:
You might have deem'd no murd'rous work had been
Within so silent and so sweet a scene.

The strife is done;—the injured now are gone,
Cold in the desert sleeps each hardy one;
With look unchanged, stern brow, and blood-shot
eye

Fix'd dimly on the broad o'erhanging sky,
As if its spirit, from that bright abode,
Demanded vengeance from the avenging God.
They lie like freeman for their father's land,
Each with his weapon broken in his hand;
They battled bravely till the hindmost fell;
But not a groan of theirs rose in the dell;—
They scorn'd to shrink before their foemen: then
Revenge forbade it; and they died as men
Whom death could not appal: whose hearts, though
riven,
Still saw their land of promise bloom in heaven.

SONNET.—THE EVENING STAR.

BEAM of the lonely eve! thou comest forth
Upon thy little cloud of silver hue,
Laughing like mirth, within the welkin blue,
While night sits darkly in the silent north,
Or steals with viewless step around thy charms.
Spirit of twilight! cloudless be thy sway,
Before the warm morn folds thee in his arms;
Sure peace is in thy dwelling far away;
Thou stand'st unshaken by the world's alarms,
As if some angel from thy twinkling ray
Look'd out, to woo the other gems of light,
That brightly sparkle on the veil of day;
Thou walk'st so cloudless with the queen of night,
As if she long'd for aye to have thee in her sight!

GLENCOE.

STAR of the morning! be my guide; with thee

I'll seek the wilderness, where one can mark
Those rugged spots, where man at least is free—
The pilot of his own unfetter'd bark.

Dear to my spirit is the mountain dark,

The shiver'd rock, the ocean's boundless roll,
The solitary waste—that bids us hark
To the great voice, which breathes into the soul
The might of Him, whose arm stretch'd out
creation's whole.

Seest thou yon ocean of stupendous cliffs,

Heaving their snowy bosoms to the sky,
Whose frozen front the hovering eagle skiffs
With her broad wings, while passing dimly by;
And list that mountain-torrent's dreary sigh,
As through the horrid glen it wanders slow?
Ah! deeds have there been done of blackest dye,
And purest blood, by guile, was doom'd to flow!
Oh! pause, and mark it well, that desert is Glencoe.

The form of nature here is grim and gaunt,
 A desert without tree to cheer the view;
 The eagle is the sole inhabitant,
 Throned in his palace of ethereal blue:
 Amid the sky, the rent cliffs breaking through,
 Where desolation keeps his withering hold,
 Throwing his naked pride and murky hue
 Upon each mountain's rugged forehead bold,
 That lowers with shatter'd front, making creation
 old.

Where rise the hills, as if they long'd to kiss
 And join each other in a rude embrace,
 Like savage lovers in the wildness,
 There sport the desert's fair and chainless race;
 Far from the hunter's aim, the blood-hound's chace,
 The red deer wanders, and the stately stag
 Bounds gallantly along the mountain's face
 While the gray fox seems in the glen to lag;
 The airy-footed goat sports on from crag to crag.

And see upon the stream of Cona, stand

A few gray stones, the monuments of blood:

They show the lowly dwellings of the band

Who cheer'd their murderers in courteous mood;

They were not conquer'd by those villains rude,

But in night's solitude, when all was still,

When sleep each manly spirit had subdued,

They felt the brand of murder through them thrill,

Then death's long hollow groan rung widely o'er

each hill!

Ay, in the hour of slumber and of faith,

When youthful love seem'd cradled with delight,

When friendship should have come, instead of death,

To guard the courteous sleepers in the night—

The yell of murder spread from height to height,

Then, waked the startled eagle on her cloud,

Scared by the flames that broke upon her sight;

Scared by the dying screams, that long and loud

Rose from the manly hearts, that 'neath death's

tempest bow'd.

Oh! for a tongue—an arm to blast the slave
 Who did the deed—the heart that gave it birth!
 May Scorn, with her lean finger, point the grave
 Where such vile monsters mingle with the earth.
 Kings are but men;—yet they, with hellish mirth,
 Can sport with hearts more noble than their own;
 Plant red destruction on the friendly hearth;
 Make shackled millions with oppression groan;
 Upraise the seeds of peace, which Thou, O God!
 hast sown.

Cona! though lonely, still thou hast a charm,
 Which all thy desolation cannot blight:
 Within thee Fingal raised his mighty arm,
 And Ossian's harp rung to the breeze of night.
 And now, methinks, upon yon awful height,
 That beetles o'er the desolated way,
 I mark his giant form and tresses white,
 Floating upon the mountain-storm like spray,
 And like a shade he seems of some forgotten
 day.

But, hark! those echoes stealing o'er the hill,

Wild and unearthly;—are they from his lyre?

Ah! no:—his mountain harp-strings now are still;

Dark nameless time beheld the Bard expire,

But not his glory, nor his deep-toned fire.

No!—like the blasts of his own uplands blue,

It seems to strengthen as it warbles higher;

And from the dreary spot where first it grew,

The breath of fame has blown it's sparks creation
through.

When sinks my dust again into the earth,

When all of me has perish'd—that can die;

When my free spirit springs to second birth—

O Scotland! may I still thy beauties eye,

With feelings strong as those of days gone by,

When the lone stars of heaven have only been

Companions in my wanderings. May I fly,

Like spirit of a sound, o'er each loved scene

That charm'd, like thee, Glencoe! my boyhood's
hour serene.

THE CONTRAST.

THE dreams of youth!—each sunny thought,
Which like the breathing summer came
Around our heart, and warmly brought
Love's feeling, and its flame,—
Come faintly in life's eve, to cheer
The soul with joys that could not last,
Like music whispering to the ear,
An echo of the past.

Youth is the sun's first ray of mirth,
Unclouded, beautiful, and bright;
When the fresh features of the earth
Seem leaping into light,
Man oft is bless'd;—when fate has hid
Life's journey from his youthful eye—
When riper years uplift the lid,
'Tis then he learns to sigh!

The enthusiast dreams, but dreams in vain,
For when Time's twilight closes round
The sunny chambers of the brain,
Our morning dreams are no where found.
Yet, 'tis a sickening sight to eye
Those joys which cheer'd our early prime;
Those young rays of the spirit die,
In the dull night of Time.

How few preserve the soul's first bloom,
Which innocence to all has given,
Until they bear it to the tomb,
A passport fit for heaven!
The grave obliterates our pride,
Our fame there finds so small a place,
That a few mossy flowers can hide
For aye, its brightest trace.

Death has a virtue of his own—
A virtue not like woman's eye;
Whose veil of charms is only thrown
To hide mortality.

He scorns to deck his features pale,
Or swathe him in a silken pall;
He tells no false, nor flattering tale,
But speaks alike to all.

He meets the stern and sceptred king,
As rudely as he meets his slave;
The proudest despot cannot bring
A charm to lull the grave.
Their cup of praise let heroes quaff,
Upon their short uncertain span;
Silence is all the epitaph
Death will allow to man.

Hard is the hand, and cold the heart,
Within this dark and lower sphere;
And seldom pity's sigh can start,
Within the eye a tear.
Ah! many a monument we see,
Design'd to flatter power and crime;
But few to love and charity,
Through all the path of time.

But he who shelters human woe,
Although earth's selfish tribes forget
To shield his virtuous deeds below,
Which soon in darkness set;
Yet shall the One who rules the skies,
And guides the systems as they roll,
Preserve unscath'd, when nature dies,
His monument the soul!

SONNET.—TWILIGHT.

AND this is twilight!—what a glorious hour
To view tired nature stealing to her rest;
To view the star-lights gathering, like the dower
Brought by the moon, to deck night's sable breast;
Like a dim spirit o'er the shadowy hill,
Her silver crescent glimmers through the sky,
The sun is set, and now the world is still,
While zephyr wanders like a lover's sigh!
An hour so calm might tempt the angel throng
To leave their starry halls, and wander now
Yon rolling wilderness of clouds among,
Or play across the cold moon's watery brow,
And see the world, as calm as when it roll'd
From the Almighty's hand, ere time had made it
old!

SENNACHERIB BEFORE THE WALLS OF
JERUSALEM.

THE smiling day had laid her flowery head
In the calm lap of twilight—while the sun
Roll'd down in glory and in loveliness
O'er the proud city of the Jebusite,
Bathing her thousand wonders in the tide
Of his wide glowing ocean,—beautiful!
Terrace on terrace shone; and massy towers,
Pillars, and marble monuments; and roofs
That swelling in their huge magnificence,
Seem'd sparkling play-ground for the gathering stars;
Vast golden domes and glittering pinnacles
Rose in their strength and silent stateliness;
High in the midst, far o'er the shining halls
And splendid palaces, stupendous tower'd
The holy Temple of the Lord of Hosts;
When all the city lay in shadow, bright
The broad sun flash'd upon its marble domes,
That in their solitary grandeur rose
Like giant mountains in the breezeless sky,

As if the Eternal from his throne of stars
Look'd in his glory on that sacred shrine,
And claim'd it as his own amid the world;
Silence was in the city, for her hearts
Were sick with sight of hope that came not—death
Had still'd the boldest spirits, while despair
Mock'd, with his fiendish laugh, their misery:
The burning hand of pestilence had smote
The healthful brow—and on the cheek of youth,
Famine had writ the language of the grave.

Around the walls of Judah's capital,
The warrior thousands of the burning east,
Spread forth their wilderness of snow-white tents;—
Long had they fought, and with the hand of war
Made the great city solitary: men
Of all the lands, to which the rising sun
Gives his first kiss, in arms were gather'd there—
The hosts of Babylon—and the swarthy tribes
Of the far desert; that sea capital,
Whose merchants are as princes, and her sons
The honour'd of the nations, Tyre, sent

Her chiefs to conquer—and from Afric's land
Throng'd the dark Nubian—while amid the host
Kneeling before the setting star of day,
The warrior sons of Persia might be seen,
As in their own fair land they used to greet,
With holy hymns, the monarch of the sky.

Beneath a canopy o'erlaid with gold,
Where sprung the beam of many a silver lamp
From the wide roof, thick as the wintery stars,
On high, exalted sat Assyria's king
Amid the mighty captains of his host,
Sure of his prey to-morrow; he has bade
The hand of pleasure bear the wine-cup round
And pledge his triumph to the very brim!
Joyous the feast that he has spread, and fair
The youthful faces round it; warm and bright
The eyes of woman sparkle, and the lips
Of beauty pour their sweetest language forth;
No darker mirror now is seen around,
But laughing faces and unclouded brows,
Orbs, that in lustre mock the ornaments

That shine on many a white and heaving breast;
Odours, and garlands on young temples blooming,
As if they loved so fair a resting-place;
More wine! the mirth must circle higher yet,
And beauty look more brilliant!—wildly now
A hundred harps ring out their joyful notes,
A hundred voices swell the rolling shout;
Free is the pleasure, and the wine-cup free;
And there are eyes that look their hearts, and tell
The secrets of the now unguarded soul,
That staggers in the luxury of love!

Amid the sound of harps, to bribe their gods
With incense meet, to grant them victory,
In holy march the Chaldean Prophets come,
Solemn and stern—those wise men of the east,
Who nightly on the green hill seek their God,
When heaven imbues the spirit with a part
Of its bright magnitude—when all the stars
Burn in their solitary loveliness,
Breathing eternity—and when the moon
Mirrors her beauty in the glacier's ice,

That crowns the hoary cliffs of Lebanon.
A moment dies the music of the feast—
A moment all is silence; while each eye
Is bent upon the Magi, as they kneel
Before the blazing shrine, and mutter o'er,
In pious awe, those prayers and ancient spells,
Conn'd from oblivion's misty chronicles;
Writ by the earth's young dwellers; now they win
A holy sign from heaven—that ere the sun
Starts on the waters, victory shall wave
Her golden pinions o'er Assyria's host!
At words so bless'd, the feast swells up anew,
The warrior's hearts in wilder measure beat,
And woman's eye again rolls in the light
Of joy, that soon bewilders the young soul;
Countless are eyes of pleasure beaming there;
Oh! they were beautiful as heaven's bright arch
Spanning the mountains—when earth's earliest sons,
Watching their flocks on the green solitudes
First saw the sacred sign, and in the calm
Of the fair desert converse held with God.

By this, the wine-cup, like a stormy sea,
Had wreck'd the bark of reason; every eye
And every heart is madd'ning in delight!
Though pleasure ruled the dwelling of the king,
A dark and moonless night fell on the camp,
Solemn and cheerless;—and no star-lights hung
Their silver lamps in heaven, as if they veil'd
Their shining brows, because their God was wroth.
Sleep sunk upon the iron eye of war,
And silence ruled the moment, save where crept
The music of some solitary lute—
Some lonely instrument, touch'd by the hand
Of one who panted for his native shore;
One, who amid the rude host of a camp,
Saw with the magic eyeball of the mind,
The fairy scenes of infancy and home;
And in the hour of midnight brought them back,
By some sweet lay that breathed of early love.

Assyria saw her million warriors close
The eye in peace, that ne'er shall ope again;
The sword of God, in death's red hand, now hangs

Above their slumbers—till th' Omnipotent
Thunders their sentence from eternity.
O Zion! thy Jehovah, in his love,
Has not forgotten thee;—thy tribes will sing
The song of freedom in their father's land!

'Tis morning—and the sun salutes again
The Hebrew's capital;—her thousands wait
In expectation of the fearful foe,
Silent, and sad, and hopeless: far and wide
Still gleam the thousand tents, but silence sits
In loneliness within them.
'Tis morning—but the hand of death has made
The mighty camp a desert; there are none
To blow the trump, or bid the warriors rise.
Abroad at midnight, when the world was still,
The spirit of destruction, solitary
Travelling in strength, went forth, his red arm bared,
Clad in the terrors of omnipotence,
And with the sword of God, in darkness smote
The armies of earth's mightiest;—mute they lie
Among the stormy instruments of war;

Loud snorts the camel, but he snorts in vain,
His driver ne'er shall cross the desert more;
Long may his kindred gaze with aching eye,
Along the lifeless billows of the sand:
They ne'er shall see his spear-point, like a star
Gleam in the blue of the unbroken sky;
Long may the gallant charger paw the ground—
He cannot wake his warrior lord;—the hand
That like the spirit of the tempest, waved
The brand of desolation—now is cold!

'Tis done!—the awful vengeance of the Lord
Hath smote the thousands of Assyria's land;
They lye like leaves stripp'd from the forest crest,
By the dark spirit of the hurricane,
As numberless, and lifeless, and as sear'd.
In their fair clime the voice of mirth is mute;
Death has gone up, and in her palaces
Hush'd the sweet song of hope for ever; and
Sorrow is heard in their high places; with
The voice of weeping, many an eye is dim
That sparkled bright at parting; solitude

Is the dull bridegroom of the virgin now—
The vows are still unbroken; but, alas!
The lips that utter'd them are marble cold:
They parted with light hearts amid the song;
The voice of beauty bless'd them as they went,
And hope and valour promised fair renown!
Where is the youthful warrior now? the chief
That was to come in glittering triumph back,
Shadow'd with laurel, to present his spoil,
Torn from the daughters of the stranger land,
To deck the beauteous virgin of his love!
Long may she wait before the joyful cry—
“The bridegroom cometh!” break upon her ear.

Wearied with watching, they shall fill the vales
And mountains with their songs of lamentation:
“Why tarries my beloved?—the hour is past,
The holy hour, when love should have breathed forth
His sacred prayer beneath the midnight star.
Why lingers my beloved so long away?
The hand of summer has bedeck'd the bower,
The flowers are blooming, and the little birds

Sing their affections in our trysting grove,
And yet he comes not,—he has linger'd long:
The turtle's note is heard throughout our land;
Oh come, my best beloved! and list her song,
Come in thy beauty, in an hour so sweet;
Pillow thy weary head upon my lap,
And wear this garland I have twined for thee!"
Thus shall they sing, and often turn the eye,
To the far hills of lovely Palestine;
Thus shall they sing, as in their loneliness
They walk upon the mountains, and behold
The scenes made sacred by the vows of love;
But hope shall sicken with the flight of years,
And they shall drop into the silent grave,
In widowhood and mourning: never more
Shall they behold the warriors that repose
On the far mountains of a stranger land!

ON THE SOUL.

THE worlds that fill the fields of space,
Shall wither where they long have roll'd,
But thou shalt keep thy deathless place—
Years cannot make thee old;
From star to star, with youthful brow,
Thou'lt hold thy fair and joyful road:
Eternity's thy mansion—thou
The spirit of that bright abode!
Death's hand shall never make thee bow,
Child of the living God!
When Time decays, thou'lt lift thy wing
And shake the dust away,
And, like a wandering sunbeam, spring
Into the cloudless day;
Borne on the Eternal's mighty arm,
Thou'lt mount o'er nature's goal;
Death will expire—creation's form
Melt 'mid the thunder's roll,—
But the dark angel of the storm,
Will shield the shrinking soul!

COLUMBUS ON FIRST BEHOLDING AMERICA.

GOD of my sires! o'er ocean's brim
Yon beauteous land appears at last;
Raise, comrades! raise your holiest hymn,
For now our toils are past:
See o'er the bosom of the deep,
She gaily lifts her summer charms,
As if at last she long'd to leap
From dark oblivion's arms.

What forms, what lovely scenes may lye
Secluded in thy flowery breast;
Pure is thy sea, and calm thy sky,
Thou Garden of the West!
Around each solitary hill
A rich magnificence is hurl'd,
Thy youthful face seems wearing still
The first fresh fragrance of the world.

We come with hope our beacon bright,
Like Noah drifting o'er the wave,
To claim a world—the ocean's might
Has shrouded like the grave;
And oh, the dwellers of the Ark
Ne'er pined with fonder hearts, to see
The bird of hope regain their bark,
Than I have long'd for thee.

Around me was the boundless flood,
O'er which no mortal ever pass'd,
Above me was a solitude
As measureless and vast;
Yet in the air and on the sea,
The voice of the Eternal One
Breathed forth the song of hope to me,
And bade me journey on.

My bark! the winds are fair unfurl'd
To waft thee on thy watery road,
Oh haste, that I may give the world
Another portion of her God;

That I may lead those tribes aright,
So long on error's ocean driven,
And point to their bewilder'd sight
A fairer path to heaven.

The mightiest states shall pass away,
Their mouldering grandeur cannot last;
But thou, fair land! shalt be for aye
A glory, when they're past:
As now thou look'st in youthful bloom,
When earth grows old and states decline,
So thou shalt flourish o'er their tomb,
Tired freedom's peaceful shrine.

Spain! though I'm not of thine, thou'lt claim
A glory with the brightest age,
And years shall never blot thy name
From fame's immortal page!
Rome conquer'd, but enslaved each land,
Made empires ruins in her mirth;
But thou, with far a nobler hand,
Wilt add one-half to earth.

What have the proudest conquerors rear'd
To hold their honours forth to fame—
Things which a few short years have sear'd,
And left without a name!
But I, 'mid empires prostrate hurl'd,
'Mid all the glories time has rent,
Will raise no column, but a world,
To stand my monument!

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

THE midnight hour—the midnight hour!

The lonely heart forgets in thee,
Misfortune's cold and poisoning power;

The weeping eye again can see
The morning visions of the heart,
Ere sorrow bade their light depart.

In thee—we think of hope's decay,
On youthful loves that long have fled;
On friends, that now are far away—

The distant and the dead;
On many a summer pleasure past,
Ere anguish blew her bitter blast.

Day has too much of gaudy glee,
To soothe the bosom lone and riven;
Day is too fair!—alone in thee

The wounded heart is pour'd to heaven:
In thee love's vanish'd echoes roll,
Like music round the listening soul.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

GREEN is the spot that marks our Mary's tomb,
Light on its turf the dews of twilight fall;
And she that was the loveliest one of all,
Is now a thing o'er which the wild flowers bloom!
Yet there are spots dear to the lonely breast,
Whose features fill the mind with holy gloom:
So is the grave where Mary lies at rest,
It breathes a pleasure with its voice of doom;
Its grassy forehead fronts the glowing west,
- And on its bosom shine the stars of even,
Smiling like her who is for ever dear!
While down my cheek the burning tears are
driven,
Methinks some spirit whispers in mine ear,
That her pure soul has mounted up to heaven,
To meet her God within a brighter sphere,
And only left her name, her shroud, and ashes here.

ON GOD.

ETERNAL Spirit! mightiest though unknown,
Yet seen and felt o'er all the breathing earth;
From the dark thunder of thy cloudy throne,
To the young zephyr in its hour of birth!
Thou smil'st,—the universe is full of mirth,
And nature wantons in those moments bright;
Thou frown'st,—and darkness walks sublimely forth;
Thou spread'st abroad thy wings, and solemn night
Swathes round a million suns, that trembling
hide their light!

Unsearchable—unalterable thy ways!

The immortal soul but sees of thee a part:
No one can tell thy awful length of days,
Nor dream of thy departure!—no: thou wert
Before the worlds were fashion'd, and thou art
The same to-day as yesterday; on thee,
Time and decay can leave no stain; thy heart
Departs not with the pigmy worlds we see,
They drop in dust away—but thou remainest free!

Bestriding space!—in darkness thou dost stand

In solitary might, holding the spheres

Within the hollow of thy dreadful hand;

The lightning gems thine awful brow, nor sears;

Eternity rolls round thee, but his years

Can leave no blight upon thy glorious form;

The blast that through infinitude careers

The comet's spring, launch'd from thy mighty
arm,

Whilst thou, in glory walks calm o'er the thun-
der storm!

Unchanged for ever thou hast been, and still

Unsullied—and unchanged will brightly be;

The million, million worlds, but only fill

A little speck of thy immensity!

Oh! still this erring world is loved by thee—

Ancient of Days, thy wings are stretch'd as bright

As when thy spirit, on Time's jubilee,

Dovelike descended from thy holy height,

And said to light—Arise! and there was life and
light.

IRAD, A SON OF CAIN,

On the summit of Ararat—the flood rising, the Ark seen in the distance.

FLASH on, ye lightnings! till ye've wrench'd

Earth's last torn bough away!

Rise, rise, ye waters! till ye've quench'd

The sickly eye of day!—

Here, on this parting speck of land,

Defying thee and death, I stand

Life's latest thing of clay,

Whose dust may into darkness fall,

Whose spirit shall survive ye all.

Sun, fare thee well! death's rolling haze

Swathes round thy godlike hue;

Ah, how unlike those happy days,

When on the mountains blue,

We worshipp'd thy departing light—

The brave—the beautiful—the bright!

Now to my lonely view,

Thou look'st amid each closing cloud,

Like earth's last spirit in its shroud.

Hark! from their everlasting thrones,
The giant hills are hurl'd;
While roused creation madly groans,
As ruin clasps the world!
The mighty eagles that have flown
For many a day, now weary grown,
With their strong pinions furl'd,
Fall screaming in that ocean's roar
Whose billows roll without a shore.

Hell laughs at heaven, whose lightning sears
The millions such as I,
Who never dream'd, in happier years,
In the wild deep to die!
Their countless forms float past me now,
With faded cheek and ghastly brow,
With dim and blood-shot eye,
Fix'd where is heard Jehovah's voice,
In thunder, bidding death rejoice!

Around me life hath ceased—no bird
 Shrieks in the dying air;
The ocean's roar is only heard
 To mock the whirlwind there!
I pray'd to God—my words were lost:
Oh! will he shield my wandering ghost?
 His thunder crush'd my prayer!
I kneel'd before the sun—he's gone!
On earth I'm left to die alone.

Waves thunder on—till your great voice
 Has reach'd the throne on high;
But can the angel choir rejoice,
 To see earth's millions die?
Ah! no:—amid this blank of life,
This hour of dying nature's strife,
 Even God himself must sigh;
When, thick as are those fearful waves,
Earth's children float—but not to graves!

Thou ocean! thunder yet, and flash
Above the highest hill;
But there are none to hear thee dash—
The soul of life is still!
None but those dwellers of the Ark
Can list, from their sky-guarded bark,
The great Eternal's will:
Yet can they lift the voice of praise,
Lone, in the earth of their young days.

[*the Ark passes by*]

Drift on, proud bark of God!—drift on,
I seek no home in thee;
I could not live—when there are none
To taste life's cup with me!
Earth's young and beautiful are dead,
Her glorious millions perished—
Their grave is in the sea:
Then be my home, where death has hurl'd
The joys of an extinguished world!

[*he springs off the rock, and the Ark passes on.*]

RUIN.

'Tis midnight, and the everlasting stars,
 Those lights that grow not dim with burning, shine
 Through the blue temple of the silent sky;
 The moon is up, and in her loneliness
 Walking above the mountains, whose white scalps
 Crown'd with a long eternity of snow,
 And baked by countless winters into ice,
 Seem pure as her own forehead;—'tis an hour
 When time seems dreaming on his moonlit way—
 When all the lights of heaven gaze down on man,
 As if they sought to teach his darken'd soul,
 The holy language of a brighter world!
 Mysterious lamps, hung by the Omnipotent,
 To give a glimpse of scenes beyond the grave.

'Twas such another evening, when I stood
 Among the ruins of departed time—
 The hoary shadows of forgotten days!
 The sky was cloudless, and each little star

Look'd on the temples and the monuments,
As calm and brightly as when first its beam,
In nature's childhood, broke upon their charms:
They still were in their beauty, but the works
Of man had crumbled 'neath the tread of time!
Where I was standing, in old days had been
Acted the darkest dramas of the world:
There, in their pride and wantonness of power,
Despots had ruled, and millions perish'd; and
The storm of tyranny had swept the fruit
From freedom's shatter'd tree!—how darkly changed
Was the wide picture 'neath my view?—the scene
Was mark'd by ruin, while death moved alone
The cloudy hero of the solitude,
With silence his mute handmaid; she re-told
The only story of the millions, who,
In other days, had fill'd this wilderness
With love and beauty; and of what had been
The work of ages and of empires, stood
Remnants of ancient grandeur—solitary
Like dials rear'd by death, for hoary time
To write his journey on!

Around me rose the column and the arch,
 The towers, the temples, and the capitols,
 The strongholds of the princes of the earth,
 The monuments, the marble, and the brass,
 Whose mottoes were oblivion's tales;—they stood
 Like playthings fashion'd for the hand of Time,
 And not akin to mortals! My lone tread
 Startled the folded adder, as it slept
 Among the ivied stones—whose hissing waked
 The drowsy bat among the columns, and
 The owl from her dark chamber;—all was black,
 Save when some beam, that wander'd through the
 gloom,

Shot from the high moon on her cloudless way,
 Crept through the shatter'd wall, as if to woo
 Night on her throne of silence! Now, I stood
 In the vast temples—the almighty halls
 Of solitary Thebes, and heard from far,
 The night-fox raise her dull unearthly cry,
 To the wild echoes of the wandering blast,
 That struggled through her empty palaces!
 I saw the fanes rise in the moonshine air,

Cold as the graves around them: there were none
To light again the altars—none to bow
The knee to Isis or Osiris—none
To chant again their wild and mystic hymns!
The mighty city was a desert; all
Her broken pillars lay around my feet:
Before me stood the throne, at which earth's kings
Were judged like meaner mortals; all her streets
Still as the charnel-house—for Ruin shook
His black wings o'er her glory, and led forth
Silence and desolation hand in hand,
To claim her as their solitary bride!

SONNET ON NIGHT.

THE day-light sickens on the western deep
In solitude and beauty; to the view
Each little star starts from its cloudy sleep,
Smiling like some lone cherub in the blue
Of the vast sky; and rising from afar,
The lonely moon begins to trim her light,
Leaving upon the clouds her airy car,
Walks with her silver lamp to cheer the night.
Now care seems weary of his daily war,
And slumber lulls each passion and each crime,
While meditation bids us turn to heaven,
Where after the last hurricane of time,
The solitary soul when rudely driven,
Will bend her weary wing, and hope to be forgiven.

FIRST LOVE.

THE human heart is form'd of steel,
Fallen from its first and godlike plan;
Its cords may every passion feel,
Before the love of man!
Till woman's smile, like nature's first
Fair ray of glory on the night,
Bids love's mild sunshine o'er it burst,
Then chaos wakes to light.

The hopes and joys of early youth—
Those feelings of delight that dart,
In the calm morn of love and truth,
Their radiance round the heart—
Live, when the deeds of older hours,
And sterner thoughts, have pass'd away,
Like some fair wreath of lonely flowers,
That speak of summer's day.

Fair as the tree which told to man,
That truth so fatal—yet so dear!
Love, though it dims our little span,
Still makes the heart like angels' here:
Ambition will decay!—the burst
Of glory's sunbeam soon is dim;
But who can e'er forget the first
Warm sigh which woman heaved for him?

As hung the dream of Eden round
Earth's first inhabitants below,
When barr'd from that celestial ground,
They wander'd on in woe:
So, the bright visions of our prime,
Around our memories gaily roll;
The sunshine of departed time,
Breaks on the darken'd soul.

The sun smiled on the dreaming deep,
The breathings of the balmy hour
Had lull'd the mighty world asleep;
And from her evening bower,

The lady-moon walk'd through the night,
 Attended by her laughing daughters,
Who spread abroad their tresses bright,
 And bathed them in the waters.

On the green margin of the tide,
 I sat and eyed its summer swell;
'Twas love's lone hour—and by my side
 Was gentle Isabell.

I saw the lustre of her eye,
 Till then I knew not that she loved;
But, oh! the sweet, unthinking sigh,
 The long, long secret proved.

The soothing spirit of the night,
 That slumber'd on the ocean's breast;
The dreaming zephyr's lulling flight,
 That sung the waves to rest;
The cloudless sky so pure and broad—
 All, all with magic pleasure stole
Around her virgin heart, and show'd
 The feelings of her soul.

Long years have pass'd since that bless'd hour,
And she was never mine;
Pure was our flame—yet fate did lower
On love's too early shrine!
But though those morning joys are gone,
Though many a tender tie has burst,
Of all my love-dreams, there were none
So brilliant as my first.

Though I at other shrines have knelt,
And follow'd friendship's holiest beam,
Weak were the pleasures which I felt,
Compared with love's first dream!
Through vanish'd years of joy and grief,
My restless eye I love to cast;
And my soul finds a sad relief,
While wandering with the past.

DEATH'S CHARGE.

IN time's young hour, when sin had crept
To Eden's bright abode,
When earth's first erring children wept
Before the frown of God,
A spirit that had long been driven
From out the shining halls of heaven,
Through night's black empire strode,
And threw aloft his cheerless eye
On the far glories of the sky.

On his scath'd brow still play'd the light
Of happiness gone by,
Like thunder-storms that tinge the night,
While sweeping fierce and high;
Dim in the black and lifeless air,
He raised his wailing of despair,
That shook the startled sky,
Like the wild moanings of the deep
Roused by the tempest from his sleep.

Around him many a mighty star
 Upon its journey shone;
Above him stretching vast and far,
 Gleam'd out th' Eternal's throne;
Beneath him roll'd the infant earth,
 Rejoicing in its day of birth,
With all love's garments on:
 Peace rested still on her green shore,
 Man's dawn of bliss was scarcely o'er.

Call'd from his desolate abode,
 That dusky angel stood,
And heard the living voice of God
 Roll o'er the solitude:—
Gird on this brand of wrath, that clove
 Rebellion's serpent crest above;
Yon world which thou hast view'd
 Is thine:—its tribes have shrunk from me,
 Away—they soon will bow to thee!

Death took his solitary stand
High in night's empire dun,
And shook in wrath his swarthy hand
Against the smiling sun;
With triumph proud and withering look
A wild glance at that world he took,
Doom'd now to be his own,—
Hovering a moment on a cloud,
The ghastly monarch spoke aloud:—

“Welcome, thou everlasting night!
Thy sway and mine are twain,
Together let us take our flight,
Where we alone shall reign:
Yon heaven is not for thee nor me,
Let's fly to where we will be free—
To our dominion, pain!
We shall find many subjects there—
Love, madness, jealousy, despair!”

SONNET.—SUMMER EVENING.

THE sky-like sunlit ocean stretches bright,
Through which some lone and wandering cloud
is seen,
Like a far vessel lessening to the sight,
In solitude and sunshine;—when serene
The winds and waves make music on its flight:
And through those shining fields, where planets
play,
One beauteous star lifts high its crystal head,
Like some pure soul free from its load of clay,
And travelling gaily with her pinions spread,
On her bright passage to eternity!
Old ocean sleeps, like guilt in sleep oppress'd,
He murmurs in his dreams, and scares away
The snowy clouds that hang above his breast,
Where peace, with golden wand, sits lulling him
to rest!

TO SCOTLAND.

THE isles of Greece—the hills of Rome
Gleam brightly through the night of years;
But sweeter still the land of home,
Her ancient shrine of glory rears:
Scenes, sacred to our childhood's hour,
Where first our early hopes sprung up,
And cull'd love's living passion-flower,
And press'd its perfume in life's cup.

Mountains of Scotland! when I see
Your rugged bosoms lone and blue,
I think upon our fathers free,
Who bled for liberty and you;
I look upon ye as my kin,
The giant warriors of my home,
Whose rocky helms are plumaged in
The sky's unbounded dome.

Wild fancy's land—land of the free,
To your departed worth belong
Those charms of lone sublimity,
Which swell the poet's glowing song;
Rich in the past—time can afford
A thousand deathless wreaths to fame,
Can lend her harp another cord
To chant the patriot's name!

Of old, thy falcon spread its wing,
When havoc walk'd in darkness round;
The Roman eagle could not bring
Its proud crest to the ground:
Oh, may it soar, till time expire
Upon his solitary way,
Till death, at nature's funeral fire,
O'er her last wreck decay!

SONNET.—THE DAWN.

NIGHT draws her curtain from the sleeping sky,
And morn has laced his rosy doublet on,
And meets creation with a tearless eye
On the far mountain, cloudless and alone;
The little zephyrs round his bosom fly,
And puff their sweetest fragrance o'er his throne;
The handmaids of the night have vanish'd far,
Amid a dazzling wilderness of light—
Shrunk to one sweet and solitary star,
That like a spirit stealing from the sight,
Pale in the glow that comes its charms to mar,
Glides dimly off through morning's vistas bright,
Like modest worth that steals in silence by,
Afraid to meet the world's unruly eye.

THE CAGED LION.

How small a space now serves for thee,
Thou monarch of the wild!
A few moons since, and thou wert free,
The desert's mighty child;
The whitening fragments of the dead,
Mark'd out thy solitary tread
Along the lifeless path;
Thou ne'er the prostrate victim spared—
Brave must have been the band, who dared
Invade thee in thy wrath!

Oft has the cheerless desert yell'd
To many a fearful cry,
As the lone caravan beheld
Thy dun mane flashing nigh,
When thou didst come in dread array,
To greet them on their dismal way;
But now thy reign is by—
Thou growl'st unheeded and alone,
Like despot hurl'd from his throne,
With none to mark his sigh.

The humbler tribes of thy domain,
Now sport in liberty;
They do not feel the heavy chain
Which man has thrown o'er thee:
Thus, virtue, like the lowly flower,
May bloom securely in its bower,
While loftier plants are riven—
And tyrants, like the stately oak,
Draw down the lightning's withering stroke,
By still defying heaven.

Thou thing of blood! thou'rt like that one,*
Who, in the olden time,
Sat proudly on the Turkish throne,
In majesty sublime:
But fallen, pass'd life's pilgrimage,
Like thee, within a narrow cage—
A sign, that kingly power
Which blood and crime has render'd great,
Is left alone to bear its fate,
In cold misfortune's hour.

* Bajazet.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

WHERE fades the last lone glimmer of the sun,
In the wide womb of uncreated night;
Where roll those stars, whose pale and distant beams
Have never travell'd to the eyes of men—
Though with the lightning's wing, ten million years
They have been sweeping through the fields of space;
In that almighty region, on a throne—
Built from the fragments of departed worlds,
Which hung in blackening ruins in the sky—
Sat Death, in silence and in solitude!
High, in his boney hand, he darkly held
A frozen cluster of extinguish'd stars—
Planets of evil, which the curse of God
Had render'd sunless; lifeless monuments
Of his just wrath—a sceptre meet for death!
He sat in darkness, and beneath his feet,
Oblivion roll'd his blank and misty wave:
When, from eternity, all living came
The voice of the Omnipotent, like sound

Of many thunders in the dead of night,
And bade him gird his sword of lightning on,
And mount his steed of pestilence—whose breath
Lays empires desolate—and with wild wing,
Sweep to the fated cities of the plain,
Whose cup of sinning had run o'er; and there
Empty his quiver of its bolts, and shake
His red arm o'er their glory, till their tribes
Lie buried in their ashes, for a grave!

'Tisnight! beneath yon blue and boundless heaven,
Which, like a marble pavement, stretches far
Beneath the white feet of the playful stars,
Lies Sodom in her glory, lifting high
Her thousand temples to the wand'ring moon.
Her sons and daughters are this night at peace,
And all is light, and life, and luxury.
Love! and the beautiful who tutor love,
Make the still shining eve a paradise:
When, hark! the voice of death has broke the calm:
Wasteful and wild, he bares his red right arm,
His shaft hath left its quiver, while his tread,

In the black eddy of an earthquake, shakes
The city to her centre; 'neath his foot
Thousands are crush'd, and temple, dome, and tower,
And marble palaces have sunk; the moon,
And all the stars, have fled affrighted back;
Death swathes them with the darkness of his wings,
While, with his lightning torch, he fires the clouds,
And the wide sky a sea of sulphur burns,
Choking the streams of life; the wand'ring birds,
Inhabitants of freedom, whose abode
Is the lone wilderness, far screaming die;
The mountain-eagle on his airy march—
The vulture travelling to her nest of blood—
Smote by the fiery blast, reels whirling down,
And falls like blacken'd ashes on the street!
The sky is plough'd up by the thunder's share,
And comets, with their red and hissing tails,
Lash the sear'd temples of the panting earth:
While mighty Sodom in her sleep awakes,
And, from her million voices, up to heaven
Sends the wild language of despair—that cry
Of hopeless terror, where the heart expires.

In the last prayer it fain would 'peal to God!
There was a feast, where beauty and the pride
Of the fair East were met, to sacrifice
Some joyous hours at pleasure's rosy shrine:
The wine went round, the smile, the jest, the song,
And music from a hundred instruments
Spoke to the heart, and bade its pulse beat high:
All now is love; and mirth on tiptoe stands,
To clasp the bosom of the dullest guest—
When, lo! the music of the night is drown'd
In the wild roll of thunder, and the cry
Of madd'ning multitudes that scream to heaven;
Their palace now is lit with other beams
Than those which sparkle from the golden lamps,
The guests but saw each other in the glare
Of the broad living lightning—all the tones
Of pleasure had grown weary in the gloom;
The harps were silent—and the trembling bards
Hung gasping o'er their strings; the mantling wine
Mock'd the pale lips, so lately eloquent:
Hush'd was the voice of mirth—the lively cords
Of woman's sprightly heart were broken now;

Pale were the roses on each youthful cheek;
The glittering braids, the bracelets, and the gems,
The golden ornaments, the garlands fair,
Now mock'd the mournful wearers: the fresh flowers
Ill suited the cold brows they dangled on!

The lamps were now expiring—for the slaves
That should have fill'd their golden urns anew,
Stood motionless in horror; and the hall
Look'd ghastly as the chambers of the dead!
Death, with his lightning torch, has lit it; now
It streams a blazing ocean o'er the sky—
Down showers the fiery hail, with fearful hiss,
Amid the red waves of the banquet cup;
The dead sleep on, swath'd in the mighty flame;
The dying crawl, but in their toil expire;
Some struggling spirits stand awhile aloft,
Not yet subdued by death's unsparing arm,
Cursing the God that made them—raving wild,
And with their boney arms in madness spread,
Defying heaven and all its withering fires!
Amid their fallen guests aloft they stand,

Hoarse panting in each other's face—then mute,
Fixing their stoney eyeballs on the sky,
Yet still disdaining, in their wrath, to kneel
And pray for mercy; sullenly they wait,
In terrible despair, to grapple death—
To wrestle bravely with him, and to snatch
Some madd'ning moments from destruction: ay!
That struggle was their longest and their last—
'Twas deep—'twas silent; but, O heaven!—so wild,
So long, so lasting: every nerve was bent
To the full stretch of nature, in the shock—
The mighty struggle of the parting soul!
At last they die, and Death omnipotent,
Stands the dark monarch of the fiery hall;
Around him are the beautiful—the brave,
But pale as midnight stars, when their last beam
Dies on the waters!

Ruin now stood alone; death had embraced
An empire in his red and withering arms—
All ashes; and the rivers shrivell'd up,
Lay boiling in their hot and sulphury beds;

Now shine the temples; and the high built domes
Lit by the fearful torches of the night,
Gleam through the broken sky, like thrones of
flame

Rear'd for the monarch of destruction; while
A tempest, rushing in its wasteful strength,
Drives the sharp lightning on the guilty town
That reels beneath a hurricane of fire;
The marble column, and the princely pile
That seem'd to claim eternity of years,
Smote by the rolling thunder, topple down;
While like an ocean lash'd up by the storm,
The flames spring up in billows broad and vast,
Drowning in their red gulfs with sulphury hiss,
Expiring nature in her thousand forms!

Now it is done!—the broad blue lightnings now
May hiss tremendous o'er the shatter'd sky;
There's none to blast; the thunder now may roll
From the wide bosom of eternity,
Till it has smote the bright stars, and alarm'd
The seraphim of heaven—there's none to hear

Or shudder at the awful music now;
All is a dreadful solitude—a blank,
Sunless and waste—a wilderness of fire,
Where death sits high upon his cloudy throne,
Girt with his robes of ruin, solitary,
Waving his sword of lightning o'er the dead!

'Tis morn—her star is in the laughing sky;
Red shine the snowy mountains of the east,
Beneath the rosy footsteps of the sun;
Nature awaking from her bed of flowers,
Springs in delight to meet the kiss of heaven;—
'Tis morn—creation seems all life again,
Such as the earth look'd often in her youth,
When her green breast roll'd nigher to the stars,
When on the sunny slope of some lone hill
The sons of God descended, to converse
And teach the children of the world;—'tis morn,
And with her earliest beam that lit the sky,
The father of the faithful left his tent,
And bends his eye towards the flowery plain,
Which lately shone with glittering palaces:

But, ah! how alter'd is the lovely scene!
Instead of shining halls and marble domes,
A wide and wasting, whelming deluge raged,
With sulphury storm, across the blighted spot;
Far as the eye could wander, dense and dark
Rose the thick volumes of the whirling fire
Up to the face of heaven—that seem'd to shower
From its red womb another tempest down
Of spirey lightnings, which with murdering edge
Smote the devoted thousands; earth was waste
With dust and ashes for an empire—death
For joyous millions! Oh, it was a sight
That fill'd the spirit with dismay, and said
Unto the fool who had denied a God,
That there was One omnipotent and just—
Man now beheld his vengeance, and expired!
The earth was wither'd, lifeless, and burn'd up,
Such as it will be on that dreadful day,
When Christ shall stand within the mighty sky,
And judge the millions of departed time!

SONG.—RISE, MY LOVE.

RISE, my love! the moon unclouded,
Wanders o'er the dark-blue sea;
Sleep the tyrant's eye has shrouded,
Hynda comes to set thee free:
Leave those vaults of pain and sorrow,
On the long and dreaming deep:
A bower will greet us ere to-morrow,
Where our eyes may cease to weep.

Oh! some little isle of gladness,
Smiling in the waters clear,
Where the dreary tone of sadness
Never smote the lonely ear—
Soon will greet us, and deliver
Souls so true to freedom's plan:
Death may sunder us, but never
Tyrants' threats, nor fetters can.

Then our lute's exulting numbers,
Unrestrain'd will wander on,
While the night has seal'd in slumbers,
Fair creation—all her own:
And we'll wed, while music stealeth
Through the starry fields above,
While our bounding spirits feeleth
All the luxury of love.

Then we'll scorn oppression's minions,
All the despot's bolts and powers;
While time wreathes his heavy pinions
With love's brightest passion-flowers:
Rise! then, let us fly together,
Now the moon laughs on the sea—
East or west, I care not whither,
When with love and liberty!

SONNET.—SPRING MORNING.

Now starts the round sun in the crystal sky,
 Burning upon the frozen hills, that stand
Like mighty mirrors; where his fiery eye
 May trace his morning torch o'er earth expand:
Beneath his feet, night's dying starlights lie,
 And round the bright'ning lustre of his face,
The dusky clouds in wild disorder fly,
 And o'er the far off hills each other chase;
Like spirits in their play, they hurry by,
 As if they wish'd to reach the spangled place—
The temple where the sun is throned above,
 Where in his cradle sleeps the infant day—
Where nature lies as in a dream of love,
 And heaven itself looks laughing far away.

THE FLOATING WRECK.

It drifted by me on the wave,
In solitude and gloom,
And in its fearful silence, gave
The language of the tomb;
No streamers dancing fair and free
Above its deck were seen;
And all was hush'd, save when the sea
Rush'd through its timbers green!

Its mast was rent, its sails were gone—
High o'er the curling spray,
Like some huge ocean skeleton
Dark heaving—roll'd away!
The spirit of the tempest shrill,
Seem'd o'er it from his cloud to bend,
As if he loved to follow still,
An old forsaken friend.

And does his trump no longer start
The warriors of that lonely wreck?
Ah! no:—each bold and manly heart,
Unhonour'd rots upon the deck:
The gray shark cleaves the sullen deep,
Which smites her shatter'd prow in pride,
Dashing the boiling surf, where sleep
The lone ones side by side!

Ocean! the brave have in thee sunk,
Yet thou with joy bound'st on thy path,
Above the hearts that early drunk
The darksome cup of death:
The fleets that on thy bosom rust,
Man in his pride may build again;
But, ah! what voice can wake the dust,
Which strews thy cheerless plain.

Though o'er that wreck the sea-birds scream,
The only dirge above its crew,
Yet far away, some bosoms dream
Of hearts so manly, warm, and true:

And when the night, with starry shroud,
Walks forth from old oblivion's cave—
When looks the lone moon from her cloud,
High o'er the sleepless wave—

Then shall the fair one stray to watch,
Her lover's bark re-cross the main;
Long may she gaze, before she catch
That blessed sight again:
Her arms of love shall never clasp
The faithful spirit that has fled,
Till the great ocean's parting gasp
Throw up its prison'd dead.

Drift on! old wanderer of the sea,
Although thy hearts are mute and chill;
Such things as winds and waves should be
Thy wild companions still:
They bore thee in a happier time,
Triumphant on thy thundery path;
Then, let them chant thy dirge sublime,
In solitude and death!

SONG.

REVILE not his name, till thy actions can show
That thy heart was as pure as the sleeper's below;
For none ever pass'd from this world, but sin
Hath darken'd the chalice which life sparkled in.
And, oh! it is cruel the shadows to mark,
Which left the soul's brilliancy transiently dark:
'Tis nobler, if virtue embalm not the dead,
To drop dull oblivion's pall o'er their head.

Then raise not his failings in gloomy array,
When the worth that shone with them is left in the
clay;
Let his faults and his virtues remain 'neath the stone,
Or gaze on the points that are brightest alone:
Like the sage, who, when evening encircles the skies,
Sees only the stars through the blackness arise:
Remember those virtues which served to illumine
A warm, erring bosom now cold in the tomb.

THE INDIAN.

SEE, where yon mountain beetles o'er the deep,
Like lion in his native den asleep,
Old Cusco slumbers in his light canoe:
The strife is done—he has no more to do,
But drink the sweet stream of the cocoa-tree,
And lay him down in sloth and liberty;
Fling his red hatchet and his arrows by,
And stretch his huge limbs 'neath the summer sky;
Dream of his spoil, or smoke the pipe of peace,
Till war's wild tocsin bid his slumbers cease,
Then snatch his bow, whose strings are seldom slack,
And swing his loaded quiver on his back;
Grasp the red tomahawk, and round him fling
His panther's hide—then on his foemen spring!

Born in the depth of nature's solitude,
Inured to toil, to freedom, and to blood,
Cusco ne'er wept, but when his foe was spared—
He knew no mercy when his blade was bared;

He saw no greater on the lone hill side;
He walked the desert with a step of pride;
Swam the blue lake that slumber'd 'neath the steep,
Or push'd his shallop fearless o'er the deep:
He had no wish which virtue bade him change,
And his soul's noblest passion was revenge!
A flame which nature's breath soon kindles bright,
And savage custom long has render'd right.
In softer climes, in polish'd walks of life,
Where time and truth hath smooth'd the front of
 strife,

He had been, like the eagle, caged alone—
Safe only, when he had his fetters on;
But he had wither'd in so tame a scene,
Panting to be, what earth's first men had been;
To tremble at no master's nod, but roam
O'er the fair world, and find it all a home—
No laws to bind him, and no one to rule,
No tongue to bid his burning passions cool.

He could not brook restraint; he loved to be
Like his own native wildernesses—free:

Nature had taught him liberty—he saw
All her wild children live without a law,
But such as she inspired; above his head
The blue sky into boundless freedom spread;
The chainless ocean threw her waves afar,
And uncommanded rose his native star;
The eagle had her home upon the hill;
The condor was the airy monarch still:
The panther walk'd the desert, and the hind
Swept o'er the mountains chainless as the wind,—
And could he stoop to fetters, where all felt
Nature's first gift, and none had ever knelt?
No! 'mid the warriors of his tribe he stood
The kingly lion of his solitude!
Though worn by toil and batter'd by the storm,
Yet when he stretch'd his solitary form
By his wild lake, he still could proudly smile
The lord of nature, though she frown'd the while:
The woods obey'd him, and the lonely wave
Still crouch'd before his white sail like a slave;
Though on his bower the hurricane might fall,
The sunshine of a day repaid it all.

Born in a clime where nature's wildest mood,
With burning passion, kindles up the blood;
Where savage man has only learn'd to drain
The wild extremes of pleasure and of pain;
When havoc's war-shout rung along the sky,
And vengeance bade his prostrate foemen die,
Then with the wildest the old chief was wild;
But when peace on his children sweetly smiled,
The warrior then would mingle in the throng,
Join with the sprightly dance, or raise the song;
Relax his frown when havoc's storm did cease,
Smoke in the sun his welcome pipe of peace;
Watch the young heroes on the green the while,
And cheer their gambols with a silent smile;
In love's sweet calm forget the former fray,
And talk his sorrows and his hate away.

TO THE MOON.

BEAM on! fair messenger of joy above,
For, oh! as often as I view thy charms,
I think upon that happy night—when love
Pour'd out his burning bosom in my arms.
No star but thou, canst imitate the grace,
The magic beauty of my Julia's eye—
Then keep—oh! keep, thy calm unclouded place,
Where first we saw thee in the summer sky;
Queen of descending night! I love to trace
Thy beam, which minds me of those hours gone by.
Such cloudless lights as thine, were only made
For the young eye of love to gaze upon;
When, in the sleepy hour of serenade,
Thou comest forth in all thy charms alone;
When the soft echo of the lover's lute,
And beauty's sigh, makes music in the grove.
Oh! thou art witness—when the world is mute,
To all the holiest mysteries of love;
Long may'st thou walk with white and cloudless foot,
The stars' fair queen, o'er thy calm fields above.

SONNET.—THE MORNING STAR.

DAY's fair and solitary handmaid! bright
Thou lingerest long within the silent sky;
When all thy sparkling kin have left thy sight,
And wander'd to their palaces on high:
Thou seem'st like herald sent upon his flight,
To bid the morning lift his heavy eye,
And give one farewell to departing night.
Life wakes within the world, and from his sleep,
The sun salutes the waters; on the shore,
The little sportive billows rise and leap,
As if to kiss the sea-birds flying o'er—
Their whitening bosoms sighing 'neath the steep.
Nature now leaves her flowery bed in mirth,
And hand in hand with light, walks laughing o'er
the earth.

PALMYRA.

IMPERIAL City! thou hast stood
Almighty and alone,
Queen of the lifeless solitude,
Raised on thy marble throne:
To desolation thou art wed,
Yet none of all the million dead,
Who fill thy wasted clime,
Can tell who shower'd on thee such wrath;
But silence, with the voice of death,
In darkness, murmurs—Time!

Now silent are those lofty halls,
Where once the dance was kept;
The eyes that lit those carnivals,
For many an age have slept:
The very sun seems sickly grown,
As if he could not smile upon
A spot which life had fled—
As if he felt his blythesome ray,
Ill suited, in its sportive play,
The regions of the dead.

If life e'er breaks upon the view,
 Within this land of shrouds,
'Tis when some vulture wanders through
 The solitary clouds.
Far round thy sultry solitude,
Nature feels in her widowhood,
 And looks with haggard glare,
As if she could not gaze on death—
As if she trembled here to breathe,
 But panted in despair.

See from the trackless desert, fleet
 The swarthy Arabs come;
The palace, and the lifeless street,
 Re-echoes back their hum:
But there are none to stretch the hand
Of welcome to that roving band—
 No fond, no gayer tones
Than the dun lion's hungry roar,
As sullenly he wanders o'er
 The sunk and shatter'd stones.

How alter'd is thy beauteous mien,
How sunk thy pride of old,
When first thy young and warrior queen,*
Sat on thy throne of gold,
And braved the masters of the world,
With all their hosts and flags unfurl'd!
Thy doom is darkness now,
Thy thousand busy marts are mute,
And Desolation stamps his foot
Upon thy marble brow.

Fair City! in thy misery,
Thou gavest a picture stern,
Of what creation yet will be—
A vast and funeral cairn:
When Death, upon his cloudy wing,
Shall sit alone its silent king,
By dull oblivion's wave;
And Time traverse its desert shore,
His trade of war and rapine o'er—
His triumphs in the grave.

* Zenobia.

SONG.

LIKE summer stars that sweetly gleam
On evening's calm decline,
Our vanish'd pleasures brightly beam
O'er memory's ruin'd shrine:
The bliss of many a happy day,
Binds up each broken part,
For time can never tear away
That ivy of the heart.

We see again youth's visions roll,
Which were too bright to last;
As mem'ry brings around our soul,
The music of the past:
The harmony—the living tone,
Of love's first cloudless day,
When Time, instead of hurrying on,
Seem'd dreaming on his way.

SONNET.—TO A DAISY.

BLOSSOM of beauty—summer's lovely child!

Sweet is thy lustre in thy mossy bed,

Thou lonely gem of the untrodden wild!

The sportive sunbeams deck thy virgin head;

Shrouded thou bloomest far from human eye,

Unseen thy charms are on the desert shed;

The wandering beetle, wheeling slowly by,

Descries thy beauty—by thy fragrance led,

Makes love upon thy bosom—and doth lye

Sucking thy opening bloom, but leaves thee, when

A sickly flower, upon the waste to die:

Like many a beauteous blossom soil'd by men,

When, all their charms and all their virtues gone,

They're left to fade away—unpitied and unknown!

THE SIGH.

As rosy Love, one summer day,
Wander'd o'er Judah's burning plains
In careless joy, he lost his way,
And sank beneath the sultry ray
That drank life's vigour from his veins.

While panting on the cheerless heath,
An angel bright came sweeping by,
From some far field of blood and wrath,
With man's black catalogue of death,
To place before the throne on high.

As the bright seraph wing'd the air,
He heaved a heavy sigh for man;
Love heard the heavenly music there,
His rapture overcame despair—
For, oh! he knew the thrilling tone.

He saw the moisture in the sky,
He drank it as it trembling dropp'd:
The balm soon brighten'd up his eye—
His smiling lips, sore parch'd and dry,
Like dew bespangled roses oped.

Hope strung anew his bosom-strings;
Joy dawn'd upon his dizzy brain:
He spread his little starry wings,
And after the fair seraph springs,
To catch her blessed sigh again.

Thus, by that heavenly breath of woe,
Love bloom'd—when on the eve to die;
And when he wanders now below,
In honour of that balmy throe,
He makes his messenger—a sigh!

And when young Pity weeps above,
The hearts that sorrow maketh sear,
His former deed of faith to prove,
Soon comes the little cherub—Love,
To hallow her bright tear.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FIRST SOUL.

A quiver—and a passing groan!

The soul has ta'en her flight,
And like a sunbeam travels on
To the great Source of Light:
A thousand angels cleave the sky,
To lead earth's earliest one on high,
Before the throne of God;
Their glad hosannas sweetly ring,
Till chaos answers, as they sing
Upon their starry road.

They gaze with wonder on the first
Bright being of the earth,
Whose spirit has its fetters burst
And sprang to second birth!
And he beholds, with strange delight,
New wonders rising on his flight
Through heaven's unsullied clime—
Those countless suns that round him spread,
A million worlds, upon whose head
Ne'er fell one storm of time!

By many a mighty star they pass'd,
Rolling through silent space,
And many a wandering orb that cast
Its gleam on chaos' face:
They bounded through those regions dun,
Where fades the last beam of the sun
In silence and decay;
Where night upon her ebon throne,
Rules—monarch of the dark unknown,
With terror and dismay.

Silence, that from eternity
In night's wide womb had slept,
A moment raised his drowsy eye,
As past the spirit swept;
He started from his solitude
In rayless majesty, and view'd
Strange shadows round him gleam;
He heard the rush of many wings—
The first of fair created things,
Now broke upon his dream.

Time could not scathe the spirit's form,
Below he mark'd his prey,
Then, mantled in a thunder-storm,
He shaped for earth his way;
Death, hovering on the verge of night,
Beheld the bright one on his flight!
He raised his haggard eye—
Deep was the yell he gave of hate,
It shook those regions desolate,
That stretch beyond the sky.

Death! though triumphant, thou mayest see
The spirit pure and bright,
Was never form'd to bow to thee,
Dark potentate of night!
The world that crouches now thy slave,
Shall shroud thee in its latest grave,
Prone on its burning sod:
Time yet shall breathe thy wild farewell,
When old creation's funeral knell,
Peals from the living God!

STANZAS.

I SAW thee on thy bridal day
In youthful beauty shine,
And give that virgin heart away
Which vows had long made mine;
That moment made my bosom melt,
I know not if the thrill was felt
Within a breast like thine.
Tis past—the bitter draught I've proved;
Oh, may none love as we have loved!

Thou wert the ark, which my wrapt soul
Was doom'd to follow still,
Whatever storms might rise or roll,
Obedient to thy will;
The ivy and its parent tree
Were not more closely link'd than we,
Above each each biting chill;—
'Tis o'er: one moment saw us sever—
Our youthful dreams dissolve for ever!

We part!—I thought not, Isabell,
So soon that word of pain
Would, like a cold and funeral knell,
Make all our pleasures vain;
Yet, go!—the sweets that we have tasted—
Sweets which thy changing heart has wasted,
Can never bloom again;
I only ask one boon of thee—
Sometimes to cast a thought on me!

I know thou wilt; that heart of thine,
When all the world's asleep,
Will sometimes heave a sigh with mine—
Perchance, will sometimes weep!
Memory—that lightning of the brain,
Will dart o'er early hopes again—
Those feelings warm and deep,
That must for ever haunt us here,
Till darkness shroud them on the bier.

THE INTERMENT.

It was a dull and melancholy hour;
Summer was dying, and her funeral knell
Was sharply echo'd by the desert breeze,
That strew'd the wither'd blossoms of the spring,
Like nature's tear-drops, to the winds of heaven!
Now move the black train slowly to the grave,
With dust to dust!—it was a holy spot,
Such as in Caledon we oft may meet;
There was a silent charm around it thrown—
A desolate beauty, smiling o'er its gloom,
As if it struggled in its loneliness
To win the eye of sorrow from its tears;
A shatter'd cairn, the work of other days,
Rear'd for some dweller of the hills, stood dark
Like hermit shrouded in its robes of moss;
While o'er its dewy breast, a wither'd tree,
That, weary with the battle of the storms,
Look'd like submission, bent and broken down;
The green hills smiled around; while more remote
Like beetling waves lash'd by the hurricane,

The blue peaks of the Highlands dimly frown'd
In solitude; dark rushing from the hills,
And restless as the troubled soul of guilt,
A mountain-torrent bounded by the grave,
And with its voice of desolation, sung
The dirge of the departed!
Dust now has gone to dust, and tears are shed—
Virtue's best epitaph; but there are some
Who look as if their thoughts were far away,
And some re-tell his virtues, who has died;
And others gaze upon the wide blue sky,
As if they saw his spirit mount to heaven;
While many look into that cheerless grave,
And inly shudder at the end of man:
Some of the band had miseries of their own,
Which gave another channel to their sighs;
And others, vacant stared upon the shroud,
As if they knew not what was sleeping there;
But there were three, who bore a different mien—
They stood, like sorrow petrified to stone,
With hands clasp'd in their agony, as if
They ne'er could taste the cup of comfort more!

And when they wept, their tears so heavy fell,
As if each drop would pierce the coffin-lid,
And warm the frozen features in their shroud!
And as the earth rung down the hollow mound,
A sickening cloud came o'er each dizzy eye:
The world to them was darkness—and they saw
Nought but the grave and its inhabitant!
No sorrow was like theirs: in loneliness
That mother stood, and to her cheerless breast
Clasp'd her pale babes, in bitterness of soul;
And all retired and left them—sorrow must
Weep out her griefs alone in this cold world!
Yet want's weak prayer though scoff'd at on the earth,
Will mount, before the rich man's woe, to heaven;
And if the bosom be not gladden'd here,
Love's spirit has been slumbering on her guard,
Or the dark demon of discord has blown
The groan of innocence and poverty
Far from the track, which Mercy had mark'd out,
For Peace to bear the poor man's prayer to God!

THE EXILE'S WISH.

I'M weary with the lifeless sight
Of these eternal woods,
Where a ray of heaven's delicious light
Ne'er on the gloom intrudes;
What boots it, though freedom here is found?
Such freedom all may meet,
Where the ear never drank in the deserts round,
The tread of human feet.

Oh, give me that fair and mountain strand,
Where my youthful fancy drew
The magic scenes of that fairy land,
Which the heart ever journeys to;
That land, which the mind of love has made,
When the spirit was warm and high,
Ere years with their dreary summons bade
Our morning pleasures die.

Give me back, give me back my mountains blue,
Their wild and playful streams!
Such things still fill my memory's view,
Like bright and fairy dreams:
I think on my country, and turn away
From those green savannahs spread,
From the gloomy forest that speaks decay,
Where all looks sear'd and dead.

Before me, in their hours of glee,
Comes many a virgin young and bright,
In maiden beauty, sporting free
Like wild birds in the night;
But oh! how cold and faint are they,
To her whose rosy smile
Beam'd like the close of a summer's day,
Within my own green isle.

Oh, for the wings of the morning, to fly
Across yon slumbering sea,
That I might drink the heavy sigh,
Which now she heaves for me!

That I might view, in an hour so lone,
Each fair, each sacred spot,
Where we mingled our youthful souls in one,
When the world beheld us not!

I hear the song which the Indian sings,
As he speeds on his cheerless way;
But the wild, lone music, only brings
A charm of my early day,
When we sat, in boyhood's hours of mirth,
And sang those legends bold,
Till our lowly cot with its blazing hearth
Was changed to some castle old.

I sit alone by the Indian's grave,
And I hear the dull wind sigh;
I see the black grass on it wave,
But the warm tear fills mine eye—
For I think on the calm and hallow'd ground
Where my kindred's ashes rest,
On the long, pale grave-stones scatter'd round,
Which oft in youth I've press'd.

I see the row of aged trees,
 Whose leafy arms are spread,
As if to screen from the mountain breeze
 The dwellings of the dead:
I think how calm my fathers sleep
 Beneath the pale moonshine,
While I am forced to wake and weep
 O'er hopes that can ne'er be mine!

But the time will come, when death's cold hand
 Will hush this bosom to rest,
When I shall meet, in my native land,
 The spirits that loved me best;
Fancy may fade, and our hopes depart
 Before misfortune's blast,
But the latest wish of the human heart,
 Is—to die at home at last!

SONNET ON THE STARS.

MYSTERIOUS worlds, that gem the brow of night!
Has sin e'er 'lighted in your shining bowers?
Has death been doom'd your million hearts to smite,
And make ye like this weeping sphere of ours?
Or, safe beyond the wintery wing of time,
Does the first blossom of eternal flowers,
Which God has woven, deck your brows sublime?
Fair watchers of the night! when my last hours
Of pain are finish'd in this world of crime,
Oh, may I mount above the storm that lowers,
And mingle in your bright etherial clime,
And, face to face, behold Jehovah's powers—
Drink of that fount of knowledge, which will be
Lasting and loved as heaven's eternity!

JULIA.

BORN where the glorious star-lights trace
In mountain snows their silver face,
Where nature, vast and rude,
Looks as if by her God design'd
To fill the bright eternal mind,
With her fair magnitude.

Her's was a face, to which was given
Less portion of the earth than heaven,
As if each trait had stole
Their hue from nature's shapes of light;
As if—stars, flowers, and all things bright
Had join'd to form her soul.

Her heart was young—she loved to breathe
The air which spins the mountain's wreath,
To wander o'er the wild,
To list the music of the deep,
To see the round stars on it sleep,
For she was nature's child!

Nursed where the soul imbibes the print
Of freedom—where nought comes to taint,

Or its warm feelings quell:

She felt love o'er her spirit driven,

Such as the angels felt in heaven,

Before they sinn'd and fell.

Her mind was tutor'd from its birth,

From all that's beautiful on earth—

Lights which cannot expire,—

From all their glory, she had caught

A lustre, till each sense seem'd fraught

With heaven's celestial fire.

The desert-streams familiar grown,

The stars had language of their own,

The hills contain'd a voice

With which she could converse, and bring

A charm from each insensate thing,

Which bade her soul rejoice.

She had the feeling and the fire,
That fortune's stormiest blast could tire,
 Though delicate and young;
Her bosom was not form'd to bend—
Adversity, that firmest friend,
 Had all its fibres strung.

Such was my Love—she scorn'd to hide
A passion, which she deem'd a pride!
 Oft have we sat and view'd
The beauteous stars walk through the night,
And Cynthia lift her sceptre bright,
 To curb old ocean's mood.

She'd clasp me as if ne'er to part,
That I might feel her beating heart—
 Might read her living eye—
Then pause! I've felt the pure tide roll
Through every vein, which, to my soul,
 Said—nature could not lie.

LUCY'S GRAVE.

My spirit could its vigil hold
For ever at this silent spot;
But, ah! the heart within is cold,
The sleeper heeds me not:
The fairy scenes of love and youth,
The smiles of hope, the tales of truth,
By her are all forgot:
Her spirit with my bliss is fled—
I only weep above the dead!

I need not view the grassy swell,
Nor stone, escutcheon'd fair;
I need no monument, to tell
That thou art lying there:
I feel within, a world like this,
A fearful blank in all my bliss—
An agonized despair,
Which paints the earth in cheerful bloom,
But tells me, thou art in the tomb!

I knew death's fatal power, alas!

 Could doom man's hopes to pine,
But thought that many a year would pass
 Before he scatter'd mine!

Too soon he quench'd our morning rays—
Brief were our loves of early days—

 Brief as those bolts that shine
With beautiful yet transient form,
Round the dark fringes of the storm!

I little thought, when first we met,

 A few short months would see
Thy sun, before its noon-tide, set
 In dark eternity!

While love was beaming from thy face,
A lover's eye but ill could trace

 Aught that obscured its ray;
So calm its pain thy bosom bore,
I thought not death was at its core!

The silver moon is shining now
Upon thy lonely bed,
Pale as thine own unblemish'd brow,
Cold as thy virgin head;
She seems to breathe of many a day
Now shrouded with thee in the clay,
Of visions that have fled,
When we beneath her holy flame,
Dream'd over hopes that never came!

Hark! 'tis the solemn midnight bell,
It mars the hallow'd scene;
And must we bid again—farewell!
Must life still intervene?
Its charms are vain!—my heart is laid
E'en with thine own, celestial Maid!
A few short days have been
An age of pain—a few may be
A welcome passport, Love! to thee.

PITY.

IN nature's birth-day, when the sky
Teem'd with its shining hosts, who stood
To view the works of the Most High,
Far breaking through the solitude,
They saw the curtains of the night
Drawn back from young creation's sleep;
They saw the sun's great spirit light
His watch-fire on the deep.

The parents of mankind they eyed
Within the garden's flowery nook:
Eve smiling by her husband's side,
Flung love from every thrilling look!
No cloud was o'er their beauty driven—
No sin the seeds of pain had sow'd—
They stood, as stands the sun in heaven,
With all the glory of their God.

The angels raised the shout of joy;
But, ah! the serpent Sin had crept—
Had stung their hopes: they saw on high
The Eternal's anger, and they wept—
They heard Peace bid the world farewell!
They wept—a little seraph near,
Beheld the bright drops as they fell,
And soon congeal'd each heavenly tear!

She hung them on the cypress leaf,
To form a garland for her head;
Thus, Pity wears the drops of grief,
The first for human misery shed:
By Mercy's side she stands the while,
For ever in that bright abode,
Eager to blot the sins that soil
The judgment-book of God.

THE EGYPTIANS IN THE RED SEA.

God's chosen bands have gone
 Into the mighty deep,
While Egypt proud comes thundering on
 To ocean's gather'd heap:
Lured by the Hebrew's flight,
 On through its depths they crowd,
In all the majesty of night!
 God views them from his cloud:
Death bends him from the whirlwind's height,
 To spread an empire's shroud.

The Jews are on the land—
 God breathes upon the deep,
While Moses lifts his swarthy hand,
 Rousing the giant's sleep;
The hissing lightnings flash—
 The awful spell is broke—
The prison'd waters backward dash,
 Like torrents from the rock;
The beetling cliffs that meet their lash,
 Heave upward to the shock!

Loud roars the whirling sky,
Each black and broken wave
Is bearing, as it thunders by,
Ten thousand to the grave!
Away—away they roll
With one almighty sweep,
Rider and horse to ruin's goal—
One wild, one mingled heap!
But ah! the last cry of each soul
Rings far above the deep.

The morning dawns in pride—
The Jews, on the far shore,
Look backward o'er the mighty tide,
But all its wrath is o'er;
No splendid host is seen,
No standards kiss the skies,
The waves are now serene,
Hush'd are death's struggling cries;
But stretch'd upon its margin green,
An empire's glory lyes!

SAMBO.

'Tis midnight; on the ocean's breast

The slave-ship slumbers, till the breeze
Arise, and waft her to the west,
Along the rolling seas:

Her crew are weary of this sleep,

They love the fair and dashing spray—
Oh, that the spirit of the deep

Would waft them on their way!

He comes—from Afric's glowing shore

The vessel gallantly is borne;
Her bamboo groves are seen no more
By eyes that only mourn:

Ah! many a long and burning glare

Is thrown upon the freshening sea,
Which seems to laugh at their despair—

A thing so fair and free!

The stars were in the hall of night,
 Their beams, which slumber'd on the main,
Brought only, to the aching sight,
 The glitter of the chain:
Wild were the looks of agony,
 Which darted now athwart the deep,
From many a bold and swarthy eye
 That still disdain'd to weep!

'Twas there, in bonds, young Sambo lay—
 'Twas there, he felt what freemen feel,
When, fetter'd for a tyrant's prey,
 They first are doom'd to kneel!
Nature had taught her son to look
 On liberty as all his dower,
And ill a soul like his could brook
 A despot's haughty power.

For, he had roam'd his wastes of sand,
 The chieftain of his warrior clan,
The desert, at his stern command—
 A savage, yet a man.

Fierce was the frantic glance he gave
To his far land—so loved, so fair—
As if, although upon the wave,
His soul still linger'd there.

Then, with his clench'd and burning hand,
He smote his brow in solitude—
With eye fix'd on his fathers' land,
He sprang into the flood:
He rose—the moon stood round and high,
He gave death's frozen look—the last
He ere could throw on sea or sky,
Then with the billows pass'd!

His fetter'd brethren saw him spring,
Then in the silver waves depart—
And wish'd speed to his spirit's wing,
In heaviness of heart!
Soon, calm and beautiful, the sea
O'er Sambo's bosom rippling beat—
The low wind passing mournfully,
Sigh'd deep o'er freedom's last retreat!

SONG.—THE EVENING STAR.

YON silver star, that cometh forth
On twilight's bosom gray,
That looks like spirit of the just,
Bent on its heavenly way,
Beheld us many a holy eve
Unveil each bounding heart!
Grief hath not made its glory dim,
Though we are forced to part.

Spirit of peace! thou wert not made,
To glimmer for a day;
Thy beauty was not form'd, like us,
To languish and decay!
As bless'd as thee, beneath thy beam
Our vigil we did keep;
But thou still smil'st within thy sphere,
While we in darkness weep!

THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

'Tis not the gory spot, where fame
Has blazon'd forth the hero's name,
That all our fond regards can claim,
 And bosom's prayer;
Ah! no—'tis oft our species' shame
 That slumbers there!

There is a calm and sacred spot,
The mansion of each burning thought;
Where those loved kindred bosoms rot,
 The fond—the true,
Who cheer'd our being's dreary lot
 Life's journey through!

What though the wing of years may shed
Oblivion o'er their graces dead!
Though silence shrouds their narrow bed,
 Yet they are seen,
Living in memory's holy shade,
 Which still is green.

Those living, thrilling thoughts that turn'd
The breast to joy that long had mourn'd,
When every vein with rapture burn'd

Unstain'd and deep—

Oh, though in death's cold mansion urn'd,
They do not sleep!

In the deep, starry hour of night,
When memory's eye doth flash more bright,
Oft will our spirits wing their flight,

To weep above—

Where all our youthful hopes unite—
The grave of Love!

Above that calm and hallow'd bier,
Was shed the first, warm human tear;
And when creation, cold and sear,

Has reach'd her goal,

The heart's last thrill of feeling here
O'er thee shall roll!

THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

'Tis morn, the sun rolls o'er his fields of bliss,
And the far desert pants beneath his kiss;
'Tis noon, and cooler hours may now succeed:
The Arab grasps his spear and mounts his steed,
The guard is ranged, the camels now are led
Forth from that gorgeous city of the dead—
That silent capitol,* where Time has kept
No record for three thousand years, but slept
Among the mouldering monuments, that stand
Like marble spectres, 'mid the lifeless sand;
A thousand camels sweep the howling path:
Hark! 'tis the simoom—monitor of death,
Now round them moans the coming hurricane,
And the roused lion shakes his shaggy mane;
Ah! who shall 'scape the red blast rolling nigh,
And praise his God, when the wild storm is by?
Ah! who shall gain the palm-tree grove, and drink
The fountain of the desert?—none: they sink!

* Egyptian Thebes.

While, in the thick gulfs of the stagnant air
The panting spirit gasps her latest prayer!

Long may their mothers mourn—their fathers wait
To bless their lonely wanderers, at their gate;
And the loved wife, a stranger grown to mirth,
Keep silent vigil by her kindred hearth—
Weep o'er her little ones, whose looks betray
Traits of her faithful warrior, far away!
Long may they wait—they ne'er shall see again
Those visions, graven on their throbbing brain!
Yes: they have perish'd—none shall know their
grave—

No stone shall deck, no flowers above it wave;
But death, for ever, on his thundery wing,
Shall, o'er their shroudless bones, keep hovering!
He is the monarch of that region bare,
His red, his solitary throne is there;
Borne on the burning whirlwinds of the sand,
He flings his dusky shadow o'er the land—
Girt with his robes of storm, the skeleton
Looks o'er the wild, and claims it as his own!

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MATTHEW RAE,
Whose worth as a man, and integrity as a friend, endeared him to all.

THY tomb let pride approach, and see
What flattery needed not to plan,
Though few have mottoes like to thee—
A poor, but honest man!
A stranger to fame's gaudy wreath,
Shut out from fortune's flowery road,
Thou bor'st no honours but thy faith—
Thy likeness to thy God!
No selfish passion's foul controul
Sear'd the fresh verdure of thy soul—
Thou'rt gone—but hope's bright eye can trace,
Throughout the darkest gloom,
A home of peace—a meeting place—
Beyond the dreary tomb.
Let wealth her frail mementoes rear,
They soon, by time, are riven;
But to the heart and conscience clear,
A deathless boon is given:
And though thou hast no column here,
Thou'rt register'd in heaven!

THE BANISHED PATRIOT.

My land, I loved her humble sod—
Did I forsake her?—No, my God!
She drove me from my sire's abode,
And shrouded in the sepulchre
Bosoms that burn'd alone for her—
Bosoms that long'd to tear away
Those weeds that darken'd freedom's shrine!
We fail'd—a tyrant's baneful sway
Has blasted me and mine.

She was my parent—I her child—
I loved her since I was a boy;
To wander on her mountains wild,
Was still my greatest joy:
Her very stones were dear to me,
For they were trodden by the free;
And every hill and every vale
Look'd brightly, through some ancient tale.
My love brought ruin for my doom—

I fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die
Without one foeman by my tomb,
Whose panting heart and closing eye
Might cheer me in that hour of gloom.
Oh! had I but expired, when first
My sword, like lightning, on them burst—
I then had gain'd a patriot's crown—
I then had slumber'd with renown!
The only trophy o'er my head,
The mountain-pile of ghastly dead,
Which the keen vengeance of my blade,
Had in that parting struggle made!
But no: our falchions fail'd to save
Our country from the despot's chain:
We bled—my friends are in the grave,
And I, alone, remain!
They tore me from my childhood's home,
They forced me from my wife to roam;
I would have died defending them,
Unfriended on the green hill side:
I ask'd no monument nor fame,
But freedom and my bride.

'Tis past; but when the world's asleep,
When darkness gives us peace to weep—
When all the pride we wore in sight
Of man, is humbled in the night,
I brood alone o'er my despair,
And seem to triumph while I bear;
I weep when none behold the drops
That vainly fall o'er wither'd hopes:
Few are the friends to take a part
In what afflicts a broken heart!
Yet, there is balm in every drop
That leaves the broken heart in pain,
They cool the burning breast, and ope
A calmer passage to the brain,
Through which repose at last may steal,
And sear the wound it could not heal.

I gaze upon the hills of snow
That in their beauty round me stand,
But they are not the hills that throw
Their shadows o'er my fathers' land—

They want the thrilling spell that binds

Sweet home unto our youthful breast,

They want the magic of those minds

On which fond memory loves to rest!

Though freedom's altar here may flame,

The poet ne'er has sung on them,

And vain the eye may roam to trace

Some deed of fame's departed race:

Yet, when again the shout of war

With freedom's standard floats afar,

When death has stiffen'd many a limb,

And many an eye hath waxen dim,

My name shall be the sound to urge

The injured on, like ocean's surge;

The battle cry, the living prayer

Of the bold, virtuous hearts, that dare

Snap their base fetters and be free,

Or die for home and liberty!

Then woe be to the haughty ones

Whose power a kingdom's hearts has riven!

Though treason stalk not round their thrones,

They dream not of the thousand groans

That hourly fly to heaven!

ROME.

SHE that was deem'd eternal—she who made

The world one sepulchre on which to tread—

Ay, she the nation's spoiler, now is laid

Low as the humblest of her captive dead!

The bloody laurel withers on her head,

The sable owl can hold his carnival

Within her marble palaces, and spread

His song of desolation in the hall,

Where Cæsar's acts went forth earth's millions
to enthral!

Hail, City of earth's early glory!—thou

Whose children were as gods; and at thy feet,

Doom'd the proud empires of the world to bow;

No more in thy high places millions meet,

But silence rules each desolated street!

Where are thy thousand tribes, thy trophies fair?

Go, view the fallen capitol, and greet

The dark inhabitant that's only there:

The owl is in her nest—thy hosts, thy thousands,
where?

Oblivion is their sepulchre—the fox

Of the far desert, howls their dirge alone;

The wandering sunbeam in the darkness mocks

The splendour of the past; the sculptured stone

Which now belies the dead—a ruin grown!

Yet man's frail dust has only pass'd away;

His name, but not his labours, now are gone;

Thy giant piles, seem in their strength to say,

Though creeds and empires change, yet we will
not decay.

Oh, thou that wert time's mightiest, and gave forth

The edicts of the world; what art thou now,

Since the volcano of the stormy north

Pour'd its red lava on thy kingly brow!

Thou art a by-word to the nations; thou

Who ruled their fortunes like th' Eternal One—

A hissing, a reproach; they've seen thee bow,

A shade of other days, thy glory gone:

Thy honour is the dust, the sepulchre thy throne!

Death's hand is on thy beauty, and we see

Beneath his feet thy ancient glories cast;

They tell the edicts of eternity—

That all must crumble 'neath the awful blast
Of the Omnipotent;—that long hath pass'd,

And still is passing o'er earth's wither'd brow!

Oh! what is more sublime, than ruin's last

Deep, solitary, silent, voice—which thou,
Rome, in thy loneliness, breathes to the stranger
now!

Roma! I triumph in thy just decline,

Dark desolation is thy fittest dower;

And let the Hebrew's bitter curse be thine—

May death for ever rule thy midnight hour;
Cursed be the hand that plants again thy power;

May he upon his kindred place the stone,
That builds once more, oppression's gloomy tower;
Be thou, when other monuments are gone,
A heap to tell mankind of tyranny o'erthrown!

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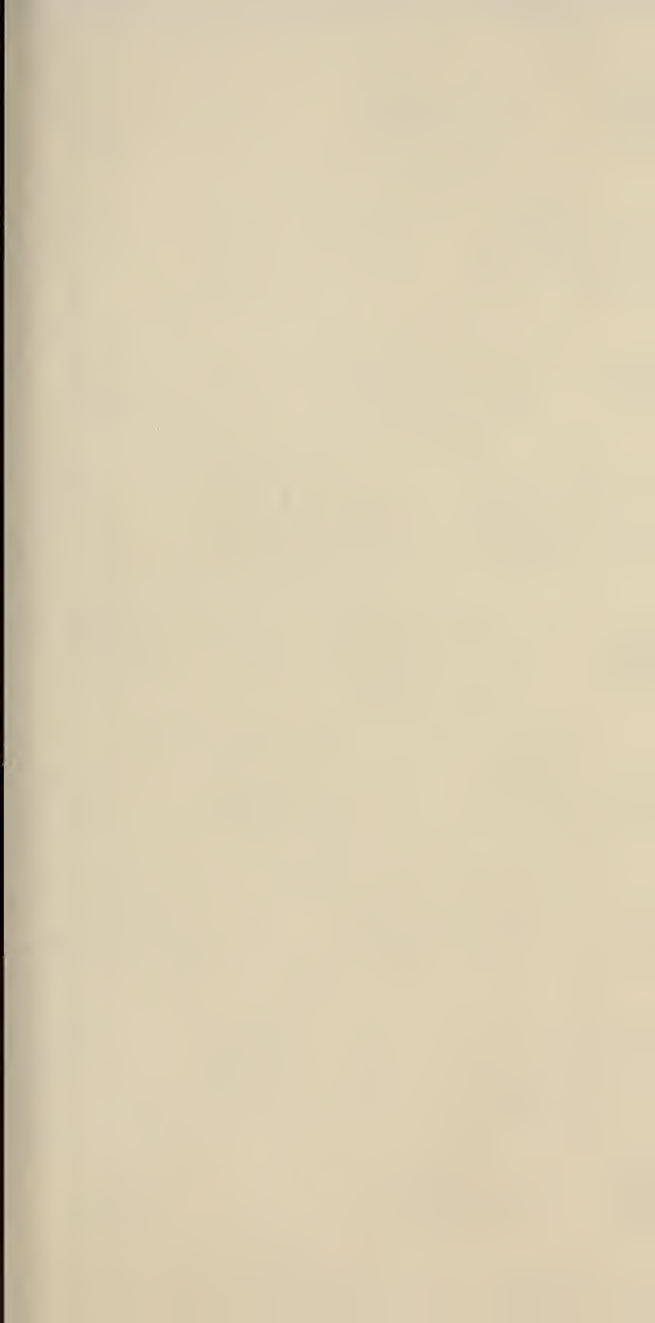
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